

# SATURDAY ANALYST AND LEADER,

A Review and Record of Political, Literary, Artistic, and Social Events.

New Series, No. 37.  
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## CONTENTS.

The Triumph at Naples.  
Mr. Roebuck's Political  
Dispepsia.  
King Bomba turned Pro-  
testant.  
Merit and Patronage.

The Deaths of Mr. Wilson  
and Sir H. G. Ward.  
The Post-office and the  
Labour Market.  
The High Price of Bread  
and Meat.

Cleanliness and Godliness.  
Dr. Whewell's Plato.  
Plutarch.  
Chronic Alcoholism.  
The late Right Hon. James  
Wilson.

New Tales.  
Foreign Correspondence:  
Hanover.  
Serials.  
Record of the Week.  
Entertainments.

## The Mirkside Pig Iron Com- pany.

(LIMITED.)

Capital £30,000, in 6,000 Shares of £5 Each.

(With Power to increase.)

To be incorporated under the Joint Stock Companies Acts,  
and liability limited to amount of Subscription,  
No Deposit on Application, but a Payment of Ten  
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12, Copthall-court, E.C.

### PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of  
acquiring and developing a valuable Mineral Property,  
situated on the Epton Estate, in the Valley of the Esk,  
near Whitley, in Yorkshire.

The Property, referred to, consists of about 300 acres  
of mineral, and contains three valuable measures or seams  
of nearly solid Iron Ore. The first seam, known as the  
Coltice, is from twelve to fifteen feet thick, crops out at a  
suitable elevation, and is worked by an adit level about  
fifty feet above the calcining floors; the second seam is  
the Pecton, and the third the Ayvicula, both five feet thick,  
and of the Argillaceous or Clayband formation, and of  
similar composition to the celebrated Ores at Low Moor.  
The Whitley and Pickering Railway is connected by  
siding with the property, and affords direct communication,  
by the North Eastern Railway, with the great Iron  
Works of the Leeds, Mashro, Derbyshire, and Staffordshire  
Districts.

The Cleveland District is now so well known to afford  
Iron Stone of such superior quality and in such abundance  
that it may be considered sufficient simply to refer to the  
Reports (for which see Appendix) of Professor Phillips of  
Oxford; Dr. Merryweather of Whitley; Wm. Evans,  
Esq., Sub-Manager of the Dowlais Iron Works, Cardiff;  
and others. Professor Phillips, who carefully inspected  
the district, estimates the yield of Ironstone per acre to be  
from twenty to thirty thousand tons, and that the quan-  
tity is apparently inexhaustible. As to the quality of the  
Ore it may be stated that it is free from Sulphur and  
Phosphorus, that the Ironstone may safely be calculated  
to produce thirty-five per cent. of pure Metallic Iron, and  
that the Iron manufactured from it is, in all respects,  
equal to that produced by the best Staffordshire works.

The Great Limestone formation is within a very short  
distance, and Limestone of excellent quality can be had  
delivered at the works at from 2s. to 2s. 6d. per ton,  
Coal 6s. per ton, and Coke at 13s. 3d. per ton. The  
ores can be raised at the works, including every charge  
for winning, royalty, &c. for 2s. 6d. per ton of twenty-  
four cwt., satisfactorily proving that Pig Iron of the very  
best quality can be manufactured at these works at a cost  
of from 40s. to 42s. per ton. The Mineral on this Property  
has already been worked to some extent, and the stone  
found (on admixture with the other ores of the District)  
to yield Pig Iron of very superior quality.

Such being the facilities enjoyed by the Company for  
the manufacture of Iron, it is proposed, in addition to the  
mining of Ore, for which there is a great and increasing  
demand at remunerative rates, to erect Smelting Furnaces  
for manufacturing Pig Iron derived from the ore in the  
Pecton and Ayvicula bands.

Assuming two blast Furnaces to be erected and at work,  
the quantity of Pig Iron manufactured would, at a  
moderate estimate, amount to 15,000 tons annually. This  
would yield, even at the present low price of Iron, a  
clear annual profit equal to a dividend of from twelve to  
fifteen per cent. upon the whole Capital of £30,000. In  
addition to this, however, a considerable profit will arise  
from the sale of Ore, for which there is a constant and in-  
creasing demand at remunerative rates.

The Directors have been fortunate enough to secure the  
services, as Manager of the Works, of a Gentleman, for  
many years connected with one of the largest Iron pro-  
ducing firms in England.

Reference is made to the Appendix, containing Extracts  
from Official Reports and Documents, the originals of  
which may be seen at the Office, testifying to the un-  
doubted character and *bona fide* nature of the Mineral  
Property now submitted.

The Property is held under Lease from the Trustees of the  
late Robert Cary Elwes, Esq., for an unexpired term of  
sixty years, at a Royalty of 6d. per ton of 224 cwt.

The lease of the property, together with calcining floors,  
tram-rails laid thereto and in the drifts, carpenters and  
smiths' shops, plant, and railway connecting the works  
with the main line of the Whitley and Pickering Railway,  
will be transferred to the Company for the sum of £7,500,  
the whole of which it has been agreed to accept in paid up  
Shares of the Company, no cash payment being required  
by the Vendors.

The Directors, after the most careful enquiry, have  
satisfied themselves that the expenditure necessary for the  
erection of smelting furnaces, and otherwise required for  
the purposes of the Company, will be about £8,000, as  
under:—

Sinking to lower measures .....	£1,000 0 0
Erection of two blast furnaces .....	6,000 0 0
Contingencies .....	1,000 0 0
	£8,000 0 0

No shareholder will incur any liability beyond the  
amount of the shares allotted to him.

The directors propose to proceed with the works so  
soon as a sufficient amount of capital has been subscribed  
as will, in their opinion, justify the undertaking.

Applications for shares must be made in the annexed  
form. Due notice of allotment of shares will be given,  
when a payment of ten shillings per share must be made.  
Further calls will be of moderate amount, and at intervals  
of not less than three months.

Prospectuses, &c., and all necessary information, may be  
had of the Secretary, at the temporary offices of the  
Company, where also specimens of the ores may be seen.

### FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of the Mirkside Pig Iron Company,  
(Limited).

GENTLEMEN,—I request you to allot me  
Shares in the above Company, and I hereby bind myself to  
accept the same, or any less number which may be  
allotted to me, to pay the deposit and calls thereon, and to  
sign the memorandum and articles of association when  
required to do so.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Profession \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

Dated \_\_\_\_\_ 1860.

### NOTICE OF REMOVAL from 3, Old Broad Street, to 64, CORNHILL, E.C.

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ONE PERSON in every TWELVE insured is injured yearly  
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For further information apply to the PROVINCIAL AGENTS,  
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This COMPANY without union with any other has paid  
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£65,000.

W. J. VIAN, Secretary.

Railway Passengers Assurance Company.  
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All classes of FIRE, LIFE and ANNUITY  
business transacted.—Rates of Premium very Eco-  
nomical.—No Charge for Volunteer, Rifle, and  
Militia Service within the United Kingdom.  
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\* Every description of Life Assurance business  
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THE TENTH YEAR.

TRUSTEES.—  
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The present rate of interest on Shares is 5 per cent.,  
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Immediate Annuities, payable during the whole of Life, may be purchased on the following scale:—

Annuities granted at the undermentioned Ages for every £100 of Purchase Money.

Ages.	50	55	60	65	70
And pay- able yearly.	£7 17 6	8 16 8	10 3 4	12 1 3	14 16 2

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**The National Freehold Ceme-  
tery Company (LIMITED).**

This Company, with a view of reducing the present exorbitant cemetery charges, have determined to fix the prices so low as to meet the means of all, viz. Family Burial Plots of Land at the small sum of £2 2s. for eight places of interment, and £1 1s. for four places of interment. Single interment 10s. 6d.

Fees for interment at less than half the present rates charged by existing cemeteries. Monthly payments 2s. 6d.

SHARES £5, which entitle the owner to a Freehold Family Plot seven feet square, which may be held for family use, or transferred. Monthly payments 10s.

The land consists of 150 acres of High, Dry, and Gravelly soil, situated on the Tilbury Line of railway, ten miles from London, accessible either by rail or public roads.

For further particulars, and detailed information, apply to the manager, at the Offices of the Company, 66, Bishopsgate-street, Within.

An early application will secure a preference in the distribution of plots.

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A. D. 1844. 3, Pall Mall East, London.

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Parties desirous of Investing Money are requested to examine the Plan of the Bank of Deposit, by which a high rate of Interest may be obtained with ample security.

Deposits made by Special Agreement may be withdrawn without notice.

The Interest is payable in January and July.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

Forms for opening accounts sent free on application.

INDIA OFFICE, Sept. 7, 1860.

By Order of the Secretary of State for India in Council.

**NOTICE is hereby given, that**  
on MONDAY, the 17th inst., the ACCOUNTS and CASH DEPARTMENT of the India Office will be REMOVED from the East India House to the WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL, Victoria-street, Westminster.

TRADE



MARK.

**BROWN AND POLSON'S  
PATENT CORN FLOUR.**

The *Lancet* states:—"This is superior to anything of the kind known."

First of the kind Manufactured and Patented in the United Kingdom and France, as explained with Engravings in the *Illustrated London News*, of May 26th. Supplied by BROWN and POLSON, to Her Majesty the Queen, by order from Buckingham Palace. It is in great favour wherever it has been made known, for Puddings, Blanc-mange, &c., preferred to the best arrowroot, and especially suited to the delicacy of Children and Invalids.

BROWN and POLSON, Manufacturers to Her Majesty the Queen—Paisley, Manchester, Dublin, and London.

**THEATRES AND AMUSEMENTS.****Royal English Opera, Covent**

GARDEN.  
Under the Management of MISS LOUISA FYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON, will OPEN for the Fifth Season, on MONDAY, OCTOBER 1st, 1860.

**THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.**

Miss Amy Sedgwick being unable to appear on Monday next, in consequence of an accident, her re-appearance is postponed until MONDAY, SEPT. 24th, therefore On MONDAY, SEPT. 17th, and during the week, will be performed, positively for the last Six Nights, when it must be finally withdrawn, THE OVERLAND ROUTE. After which (by desire)

**FITZSMYTHE OF FITZSMYTHE HALL.****NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS.****ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.**

Monday and during the week, a new Comedietta, in one act, called

**DEAREST MAMMA!**

Characters by Messrs. Addison, Robinson, Mesdames Leigh Murray, Cotterill, and Herbert.

After which a new Comedietta, to be called

**A FAIR EXCHANGE.**

Messrs. W. Gordon, H. Wigan, H. Rivers, Mesdames Herbert, Seymour, and Louisa Kealey.

To be followed by a new Farce, by H. Wigan, Esq., to be called.

**AS SAVAGE AS A BEAR.**

Characters by Messrs. F. Robinson, H. Wigan, Miss Marston, and W. S. Emenden.

To conclude with

**SOMEbody ELSE.**

Messrs. F. Robinson, L. Murray, H. Cooper, Miss Cotterill, and Miss Louisa Kealey.

**FURNISH YOUR HOUSE.**

WITH THE BEST ARTICLES AT

**DEANE'S**

IRONMONGERY AND FURNISHING  
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A Price Furnishing List sent Post Free.

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Table Dessert  
Knives. Knives. Carvers.  
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Good 16s., 12s., 5s. 6d.

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Spoons—best plating 40s., 30s., 18s.  
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Prices of Tin Dish Covers in sets of six and seven, 18s., 30s., 40s., 63s., 78s.

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12 Table Forks .....	1 16 0	2 14 0	3 0 0	3 12 0
12 Table Spoons .....	1 16 0	2 14 0	3 0 0	3 12 0
12 Dessert Forks .....	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Dessert Spoons .....	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Tea Spoons .....	0 16 0	1 4 0	1 7 0	1 16 0
2 Sauce Ladles .....	0 8 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 13 0
1 Gravy Spoon .....	0 7 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 13 0
4 Salt do. (gilt bowls) ..	0 6 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 14 0
1 Mustard Spoon .....	0 1 8	0 2 6	0 3 0	0 3 8
1 Pair Sugar Tongs .....	0 3 6	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers .....	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 14 0	1 15 0
1 Butter Knife .....	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Ladle .....	0 12 0	0 16 0	0 17 0	1 0 0
6 Egg Spoons (gilt) .....	0 10 0	0 15 0	0 18 0	1 1 0

Complete Service £10 13 10 15 13 6 17 16 21 4 4  
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Ringworms, Bad Legs, and all Affections of the Skin, even if of long standing, Cured by a Registered Medical Practitioner of thirty years' successful practice in such cases. Consultation hours 1 to 4 daily, and 7 to 8 in the evening, at

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Cause and Cure of Premature Decline, with full Directions for Restoration to Health and Vigour; being a Medical Essay on Nervousness, Indigestion, Loss of Memory, their Prevention and Cure; the result of Twenty-five Years' successful practice. By Dr. J. L. CURTIS, No. 15, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London. Consultations from 10 to 3 and 6 to 8.

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## THE TRIUMPH AT NAPLES.

ALL the Sovereigns of Europe may learn a lesson from the Aundignified exit of the young gentleman who recently came into possession of the crown of the Two Sicilies, with a considerable revenue, a powerful army, and a people disposed to be contented with very moderate reforms. The courts of England and France gave the new Sovereign obvious warnings and excellent advice. In his own dominions were men who pointed out the path of honour and safety; and in the kingdom of Sardinia he saw an example well fitted for a nursery story—of how good behaviour was rewarded, and a little King made into a great one because he was honest and true. To all these sights and sounds the last of the Neapolitan Bourbons was blind and deaf. He had been brought up to hate liberty and scorn justice; to listen to the evil counsel of intriguing priests; and to believe that heaven and earth would work miracles to enable an ignorant and vicious young man to revel in the satanic luxury of a brutal and despotic rule. His people were too enervated to throw off his yoke and effect their own liberation; but from the hardier region of the North of Italy a man set out—in the Charles Napier style—with a piece of soap and a towel—and with a handful of half-trained followers he declared his intention of overthrowing an old sovereignty which had great arsenals and 80,000 soldiers at its command. In a little while the King of Two Sicilies was reduced to the King of One Sicily. There was a desperate skirmish, but no great battle; and the island crowned by Mount Etna, famous in classic story, and celebrated for having possessed a constitution older than that of England was once more free. The Man of the Hour set out again, landed in Calabria, did a little more clever skirmishing, and sent word to Naples that he would arrive there on a particular day, and take the Government into his own hands. The time came, and the representative of Italy reached the city of Parthenope. He had with him no force of arms, no means of compelling obedience to his commands; but as he entered at one door, Bourbon royalty went out at the other, and FRANCIS II. vanished like a puff of bad smoke, leaving an evil odour behind.

In other stories of the fall of Kings there has been some tinge of tragic grandeur, or at least some elements of decency or dignity; but in this case FRANCIS II. made a more despicable Sovereign than the worst actor that ever strutted upon the melo-dramatic boards. The "great" NAPOLEON got TALMA to teach him how to put on his imperial robes, and strut and frown as an emperor should; but FRANCIS II. had not even a theatrical education. He did not know what to do with himself because he had no manner of belief in himself, and he fell from the rash confidence of presumptuous ignorance to the self-annihilation of hopeless imbecility. Morally and materially he was nowhere. His nobles and his courtiers, his generals and his admirals, could find nothing to support. He was too impalpable for loyalty to stick to, too rickety a peg to sustain any manner of crown—even that of martyrdom could not stand on so weak a head. We may hear of the young gentleman loitering about the Courts of Spain or Germany, but history has rubbed him out before she had finished inscribing his name.

The old superstition which adhered to anything that called itself a King, has left the world, and the whole fraternity of Sovereigns are startled at the facility with which one of their order has passed away. Italy is fortunate in having a GARIBALDI, and Europe is fortunate in having the story, of how he went to Naples, to tell. In every land this noble tale is passing from mouth to mouth; it is kindling new flames of patriotic ambition in the sunny south, and warming up the regions of the icy north. In many a land the people feel that they too want a GARIBALDI. Germany has need of one to bid her rabble of selfish Princes vanish into smoke. Austria needs one to snuff out FRANCIS JOSEPH, and introduce a government based upon popular right. Russia wants one to lay the foundation of free institutions, and curtail the absolutism of the CZAR. France will require her GARIBALDI when the Imperial fever-fit has passed away. Although England has got beyond the warrior's sword, she too wants a GARIBALDI of peace to rouse the people to a perception of their rights, and wring from the aristocracy a just measure of parliamentary reform.

Successful in the Two Sicilies, we trust the cause of Italian nationality will be no less so in the Roman States, to which Sardinia has wisely sent her troops. It was impossible for VICTOR EMMANUEL to stand still as the diplomatists wished. GARIBALDI and MAZZINI, between whom, notwithstanding slanders to the contrary, there appears perfect unanimity, as

far as action is concerned, represent forces which impel Sardinia onwards. VICTOR EMMANUEL must be King of Italy, or king of nothing. To this he is called by the general voice of the land, and he is wise in making a willing response.

The non-intervention of Austria was a fraud, thousands of her best troops were in the Papal army, and if VICTOR EMMANUEL had hesitated, a series of Perugia massacres would have speedily taken place. The speech of the King of Italy was worthy of the occasion, and those Sovereigns who disapprove of his proceedings, cannot deny that they tend to prevent revolution, and establish a possibility of peace.

Meanwhile Emperors and Kings plot together, and as the news runs, FRANCIS JOSEPH and the CZAR exchange professions of friendship. An Austro-Russian alliance might at a former period, have been the signal for tremendous exertions to put "right divine" on its legs again, but times have changed, and ALEXANDER will not dare to repeat the invasion of Hungary, merely to sustain a principle, and gain no personal advantage from a costly war. Up to these days the rich money Jews have been profound believers in the old despotisms, and easily managed to obtain the loans they required. Now Austria has brought her credit below that of Turkey, and Russia can get no one to provide the money for an absolutist war. The military expenditure of Austria, and the interest of her debt will absorb all the revenues she can raise, and any representative bodies she can form will protest against the system that has led to such a bankrupt result. The blandest person of the hour is the Emperor NAPOLEON III. He could make nothing of the phlegmatic Prince of Prussia, and the two potentates twiddled their moustaches, and looked at their boots during the Toplitz interview, because they could contrive no basis upon which a diplomatic conversation was to proceed. Out of the quarrels of Kings and their subjects, LOUIS NAPOLEON's opportunities may arise. As he stands on the shores of the Mediterranean, "envious murmurs reach him from afar," but what matter, "the works of peace are in his eye as beautiful as crowns of laurel." The innocence is quite pastoral, and might be believed in if forts were not rising contrary to European law, in the neutralised territory stolen from the Swiss, and if all France as well as the rest of the world could not see the Imperial eye squinting at the Rhine. The French Treaty goes on bravely, but the nations are not yet tied together indissolubly by spun cotton, and England will do well to double her volunteers, and render her navy still more formidable as a "preventive check."

The German Potentates and Russia are murmuring threats of intervention if the popular movement finds its way to Hungary. Against this England should protest. The rights of the Hungarians are as sacred as those of the Italians, and Bonapartist ambition would be finely served, if he could rally all the elements of revolution and nationality around him; and as the price of his assistance, demand the frontier of the Rhine.

## MR. ROEBUCK'S POLITICAL DYSPEPSIA.

THE Cutler's Feast of last week afforded the honourable and learned member for Sheffield, who delights in the self-imposed name of "Tear'em," an opportunity of favouring the country with his opinions on divers questions. He began by praising the men of Sheffield for having left him alone during the session, and not having "pestered" him with their suggestions. "His course had been entirely unprejudiced by almost any observation on the part of his constituents." With reference to the position of an M. P., he remarked, "while he is acting for them, any pestering, any call of interest, or telling him that his constituents think this, that, or the other is wholly foreign to the representative system." Mr. ROEBUCK belongs to a school of politicians who think they prove their honesty by exhibiting their ill manners. Indeed we trust the school is confined to himself, and that no one else would have the bad taste to call an expression of opinion on the part of his constituents a piece of "pestering." A man must be wonderfully full of conceit, or waspishness, to resent a reasonable intercourse or exchange of opinions between the electors, the elected, and the theory of representation put forward by Mr. ROEBUCK, although by no means novel, is decidedly wrong. The services of men of ability and integrity can only be had upon honourable terms, and no man fit for a member of Parliament would consent to be a mere puppet, whose strings his constituents were to pull at their discretion; but there is a wide difference between this, and that supercilious independence which Mr. ROEBUCK claims.

Historically he is in error, and may remember a curious passage in COKE, which shows that members formerly considered themselves bound to represent the views of those who

sent them. This passage is as follows: "It is also the law and custom of the Parliament, that when any new device is raised on the King's behalf in Parliament for his aid, or the like, the Commons may answer that they tendered the King's estate, and are ready to aid the same, only in this new device they dare not agree without conference with their executives: thereby it appeareth that such conference is warrantable by the law and custom of Parliament." Modern members have affected an independence of their constituents, quite fatal to the idea of representation, and it is common to hear them boast that they never "gave a pledge," their intention being to remain, politically speaking, "loose fish" to the end of their days. One of the most important functions of an M. P. is deliberation, and if constituencies attempted to extort pledges so as seriously to take away this function, a very mischievous result would follow in lowering the character of the legislature; but in practice, pledges are never asked for except in cases where they ought to be given if the candidate intends to be a representative at all, and so far from electors attempting to exercise too much control over their members, the rule is that they exercise too little. The lower sort—in character, not necessarily in station—do "pester" their representatives for places and subscriptions, but there is a decided want of supervision of the representative work.

Having propounded his theory of representation, Mr. ROEBUCK complained that the Parliament was "twitted with having done nothing." He declared that his colleague and himself had worked very hard, and added, "I believe the best thing that could result is that we have done nothing." To explain this paradox, he proclaimed the vulgar fallacy, "that the people of England are peculiar, for being only able and willing to undertake one thing at one time"—the one thing during the session being the foreign relations of this country. We can easily admit that in England, as elsewhere, there can only be one subject which is the most popular subject of the day, and that favourite topics have a tendency to diminish the interest felt in all others; but there was no positive wish that nothing should be done excepting to make provision for defences; nor in that direction has the Parliament even attempted to do its duty. The people out of doors, with more hindrance than help from the Government, have made an important volunteer movement, but the House of Commons did nothing more for our defences than vote, without investigation, any quantity of money the Cabinet chose to ask for. At no time were the debates on our foreign relations so destitute of serviceable talent, and unless jealousy of France can be so called, no attempt was made to lay down any intelligible principles of action; and when the session concluded, the Government was found maundering in the QUEEN'S speech about the treaties of 1815, as if they were things for which any sane Englishman would draw the sword.

If the House of Commons had really gone into the question of national defences, and had made any progress towards systematizing and giving permanence to a volunteer movement, large enough to diminish the amazing cost of the regular services, Mr. ROEBUCK might have been entitled to boast of his labours, but the fact is, that we are as far as ever from a really national system. We have not even settled the preliminary questions of what should be done by the navy, and what should be left for land forces, and we have entered upon an expenditure of millions in fortifications without determining the work they are to perform. All we know is, that the military authorities intend to make them an excuse, not for diminishing the standing army, but for asking for more troops.

With reference to Reform, Mr. ROEBUCK says—"We intended to carry the Reform Bill, but the opposition was too strong for us, and the people of England did not support their representatives." It is not correct to say that the Reform Bill fell to the ground because of the strength of the opposition. It fell because its own friends did not take the trouble to keep it up; and if constituencies are not to "pester" representatives with their opinions, why should the latter make the non-expression of opinion a reason for standing still. The small Reform scheme of Lord JOHN RUSSELL was an attempt to forestall agitation, to make the Legislature act from its own energies, and not wait to be kicked onwards by external force. Its refusal to adopt this course is quite fatal to Mr. ROEBUCK's or to any wiser theory of independence, and the result has proved that nothing can be done until the ruling classes are made so uncomfortable, that for their own sakes they consent to exchange.

If foreign affairs remain in the same unsettled state, Mr. ROEBUCK promises that the next session will be as barren

as the last; but the House of Commons is not to be blamed for it, "because sir, we (the House of Commons) are the living voice of the people of England." Here again is that morbid egotism which Mr. ROEBUCK takes for political wisdom. Mr. ROEBUCK is in the House of Commons, and therefore it is the living voice of the people of England, and is to be complimented, because "we have done much good by doing nothing." We have no wish to underrate the good that has been done by the fact that one great Senate in Europe is free; but we must have wiser and nobler utterances than we had last session, before we are entitled to call our Parliament "the harp of the liberty of the world." The world wants to know what sounds the harp meant to give, or what principles we intend to maintain; and it is still sorely puzzled to guess whether old doctrines of balance of power or new doctrines of the rights of nationalities will be the foundation of our action. Everyone sees that the French EMPEROR may force us into war by practically asserting his monstrous claims to readjust boundaries according to principles that ought to be put down; but the comfort the people of Europe would derive from our wish to repress Imperial ambition is much marred by doubts whether we should ally ourselves with the thirty little tyrants of Germany, or play the old game of trying to make Austria a counterbalance to France. A truly English policy would set these questions at rest, and take away from Louis NAPOLEON his most dangerous weapon, the opportunity of playing off the rights of the nationalities against the Sovereigns who support the Treaties of 1815. Towards such a policy, however, the House of Commons has made no advance; and it is difficult to believe that the interests of Europe have been benefitted by the blatant absurdities of Mr. KINGSLAKE and Sir ROBERT PEELE.

In one thing Mr. ROEBUCK admits the House of Commons to be imperfect, "talk, talk, sir, is the curse of that house;" and he added, with an acidity singularly indicative of indigestion, "and I think it is the curse of this room." After this the Cutlers should provide no more cutlets for their billious member; and if fate and fortune should dissolve the present connexion, we recommend them to inquire of a new candidate before backing his pretensions, "Pray sir, how is your liver?"

#### KING BOMBA TURNED PROTESTANT.

THE last resort of baffled rascality is to protest. The dishonest debtor whose liability will be wiped out by the statute of limitations next month, when compelled to discharge the claim before this mode of liquidation operates, pays it under protest. The man of elastic conscience who, relying upon possession being nine points of the law, "annexes" property he has contrived to lay his hands on, protests against its restoration to the rightful owner. The tenant who wants to live rent free protests against ejection. The highwayman caught in *flagrante delicto* protests against being brought to justice. And last, but by no means least in the concatenation of delinquency, his Majesty the late King of NAPLES protests against the decrees of Heaven and the unanimous determination of the Italian people. The French EMPEROR is proud to declare that he rules "by the grace of God and the popular will." By the grace of God and the will of the people, as well as to the unspeakable satisfaction of the people, the King of NAPLES has ceased to rule at all. His departure only cannot be described in the language CICERO applied to CATULINE, because it would be an insult to that classic desperado to compare him with the ferocious poltroon who at Naples is just now so happily "conspicuous by his absence;" and who has rather dropped off, like a mortified limb, than "rushed forth" with the desperate, though fugitive fury of the old Roman demagogue. We have heard of men who, like CÆSAR, have been equally great with the sword and the pen. But it has been reserved for his Majesty the late King of NAPLES to illustrate the antithesis of that accomplished character, and to show that his abuse of the pen is even more deplorable than his non-use of the sword. We cannot say that he fought badly, for he wouldn't fight at all; on this subject he has baffled criticism, because he has furnished no materials for it to operate upon. But if we may judge by what analogy there is, and reason from his writing to his fighting, the latter would have been about the very worst that was ever exhibited. "As well run away first as last," we can imagine his Majesty muttering to himself as he took flight, and made a literary splutter, to cover his retreat after the fashion of those nameless and noisome animals whose defence from the hounds resolves itself into the fact that the latter are not destitute of noses.



But let us turn to his Majesty's literary productions. His Majesty, in the character of protestant and historian, is certainly somewhat of a novelty. Indeed we are not sure that it will not turn out that he has developed a new species of satire, of which the novelty consists in the author being the subject of his own ridicule. Let us turn to the view of recent events in Naples, as reflected from the mind of this enlightened writer; "The fortune of war" the royal historian says, "has proved contrary to us," but this is not quite accurate; the fortune of war cannot reasonably be said to prove adverse to him who does not fight at all, but turns tail and runs away, without however the slightest claim to that discretion, which is said to be the better part of valour, or the remotest expectation that he means to fight another day. "The whole of Europe," he continues, "proclaimed the principle of non-intervention, and looked on with indifference, leaving us alone to fight against the common enemy," in which last regard his Majesty has admirably shewn the way how not to do it. But the "indifference" of "Europe," by which his Majesty may be presumed to mean a few dynasties who hold Europe in thralldom, proves at least one thing—it proves that his cause was too bad even for his compeers to have a fellow feeling for him. But even the strongest sympathy with his intentions could not have commanded assistance or countenance for one whose grossly ill-judged acts were enough to damn any cause which might by chance become mixed up with his. The royal doctrine of "blunders being worse than crimes," was well exemplified in his Majesty's happy career. We are reminded, for great things will sometimes suggest little ones, of the sinking ship and the desertion of the rats. The barque of the Neapolitan BOURBONS is half way to the bottom already; and directly it began to founder, the rats began to sheer off, and wisely kept aloof. There are some people so fond of joking, that they will crack jokes even at their own expense. The BOURBON rule has been one great practical joke from beginning to end. One of the BOURBONS is said to have died with a pun in his mouth. Whether he "never said a foolish thing" or not, we are not sufficiently versed in royal biography to decide; but that he "never did a wise one," is extremely probable. Now when we find a potentate of King BOMBALINO's notorious antecedents writing after the following fashion, we cannot but think he possesses at least one valuable quality which, upon the principle of better late than never, he is developing in the shape of a very original vein of comic humour—that in short he has turned satirist and taken himself for a subject—now that his subjects will no longer take him for their King. After promising to do in words what he has negated in deeds, his Majesty, it will scarcely be believed, declares his intention of "*confiding in the loyalty and in the love of his subjects.*" This is what Mr. SAMUEL WELLSER would call "coming it rather powerful," with a vengeance. But his Majesty follows up this home thrust with the most terrific lunges with that formidable weapon which is to supersede the sword. For example, poor VICTOR EMANUEL and GARIBALDI will find all their labour lost, and all their efforts vain. His Majesty the late King of NAPLES, not content with discomfiting his foes in manner aforesaid, has annihilated their proceedings with one stroke of his pen. "We," says the royal thunderer—this JUPITER TONANS of modern mythology, with all the oracular emphasis of the three tailors of Tooley-street,—"*We declare solemnly that all the aforesaid acts and events are null and void and of no effect.*" It has been hitherto supposed by metaphysicians that to undo what has been done, and to reverse the past, transcends the power of omnipotence itself, as it involves one of those contradictions which amount to absolute and utter impossibility. But this is a trifle with such a monarch as His Majesty the late King of NAPLES. "Bagatelles!" cries SCAPIN (whose "Fourberies" are so amusingly represented by MOLIERE,) as difficulty after difficulty is propounded for him to surmount; and SCAPIN is a hero naturally suggested by the name of His Majesty the late King of NAPLES. So much for "protestation," now for "proclamation."

From history his Majesty effects a graceful and easy transition to biography, without, however, relinquishing the ironical element. After initiating with an aphorism about the "duties of Kings," (which he does not appear to have known much of, though he is in the way just now to learn something), he gives us to understand that he is blessed with "*resignation free from weakness;*" and "*with a serene and confident heart.*" That he has "*resigned*" we all know, but that his "*resignation*" was "*free from weakness,*" is the contrary of what we know. With regard to its being all "*serene,*" he is the best judge of his own feelings; but how he can be at all "*confident*" without hoping against hope, and

evinced a most unreasonable degree of assurance, we cannot divine. This revelation of the state of the royal mind is very curious and instructive.

To be serious. We have waded thus far through these unexampled documents entitled "protest," "proclamation," "address," &c., most ill-advisedly put forth on behalf of the fugitive King. But impudence and effrontery, however ludicrous they may sound at first, from their extraordinary incongruity, become literally sickening at last, and, after exciting our mirth, begin to provoke our indignation. The following words necessarily suggest to the reader the poetical ideal of a good King, the father of his people,—an ALFRED or a TROJA, compelled by adverse destiny to withdraw from the nation whom he had loved and watched over like his children, pronouncing his benediction as he retires, and followed by the heartfelt regrets of a people in mourning. But the incongruity of such utterances from one of the cruelest and most flagitious despots that ever outraged humanity by their demoniacal rule, is at once so ridiculous and so revolting that we are too much moved by anger to laugh and too much moved by scorn and contempt to be angry. "The war," says the king, "is now approaching the walls of the city, and with unutterable grief I am now to depart with a portion of my army to betake myself where the defence of my rights call me. I call upon the honour and the civic feeling of the Mayor of NAPLES and of the Commandant of the said National Guard to spare this most beloved country of mine the horrors of internal discord and the disasters of civil wars, for which purpose I concede to the above-named the widest powers that they may require. As a descendant of a dynasty that has reigned over this continent for 126 years, after having preserved it from the horrors of a long vicerealty, the affections of my heart are here. I am a Neapolitan, nor could I without bitter grief address words of farewell to my most dearly beloved people—to my fellow-citizens. Whatever may be my destiny, be it prosperous or adverse, I shall always preserve for them a passionate and affectionate remembrance. I recommend to them concord, peace, and strict observance of their civic duties. Let not an excessive zeal for my dynasty be made a pretence for disturbance." Is it possible for hypocrisy to go beyond this? Yet is it possible for idiocy itself to imagine it will impose upon the most simple-minded and credulous? It seems that the late King has formed an exaggerated idea of the efficacy to be expected from that engine of superstition that had so long been resorted to for keeping the people in a state of mental non-age. Intellectual, and moral, and social development will go on, just as GALLILEO said the world would turn round, in spite of all that the wiles of priestcraft and the terrors of the inquisition can do to prevent it—in spite of spiritual despotism and secular tyranny. And the regeneration of Italy is a signal proof that human progress cannot be permanently obstructed, even by the most determined and powerful opposition.

#### THE DEATHS OF MR. WILSON AND SIR H. G. WARD.

SOME of our contemporaries seem to mourn for India, as well as for Mr. JAMES WILSON, whose death all parties will agree to lament. Whether or not Mr. WILSON could have carried his financial schemes into successful operation, will admit of very considerable doubt, and so far as our Eastern Empire is concerned, it lost more from the compulsory resignation of Sir C. TREVELYAN, than from the cessation of Mr. WILSON's labours.

The decease of Sir H. G. WARD affords another melancholy instance of the danger which Europeans run, from the unhealthy climate of India, and there must be a strong sense of duty, as well as a desire for gain, to induce any man of talent to trust his fortunes in the East, who can afford to stay at home.

Mr. WILSON's plans did not comprehend any measures for economising expenditure, and putting a check upon extravagance and waste. Some portions of his schemes being already in operation, must be sustained at any rate for a time, but it would be well for the Government to start afresh, and place the consideration of the whole subject of Indian revenue, expenditure, and finance, under the consideration of an able administrative mind. In this work the claims of Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN should not be forgotten, and neither India nor England ought to lose his valuable services—if he is willing to render them—for a mere question of etiquette.

#### MERIT AND PATRONAGE.

THOSE who break up smooth roads, even though the said roads lead to destruction, are not general favourites, especially to those who roll thereon in easy carriages or in gilt and brittle triumphal cars. The great and the grand travellers of the *via antiqua* abuse the reformers as grumblers, growlers, and acrimonious mal-

contents, and some of the poor foot passengers, the walking gentlemen of old toryism or family whiggism are very much of the same opinion; nevertheless, we go on with our pickaxes, theodolites, old road mending, new road surveying, as the case may be, here levelling a hill, here taking the cord instead of the arc, and cutting through a vested interest to avoid interminable winding, hoping to receive encouragement from some of the old travellers, and feeling pretty certain of most of the new ones.

It is hard work, heaven knows; but when a bit of good new road is levelled, there are few triumphs like it, for those (rarely royal or noble personages) who have raised the first sod. Let us cease our grumbling, and give a hearty cheer when some venerable obstruction, long held sacred, is levered and tumbled over the precipice once and for ever. The present day has seen one of these achievements, and to the eyes of common sense and common honesty the obstacle has long been an eyesore, and a heart-sore to the deservings. Its clearance is the one grand work of our day; yet many of those who have laboured at it seem to us to fail in self-gratulation, and in seeing with clear vision the full purport of all they have helped to accomplish. Nothing but some remains of distrust can have prevented a general "Io triumphe." We refer, in general terms, to the substitution of merit for patronage, as the path to preferment—the adoption of a grand self-evident principle into actual practice; such a full recognition of this principle, that no political party, no power of a section, can ever prevail to overthrow it, and that, for a great deal of the working of our executives, in all departments, we are likely to be as safe from the inefficient cousin of a Manchester manufacturer, as from the foolish scion of some branch of the Peerage. This work is the work of no party; it is rather against them all. It is the long interest-ridden and insulted sense of the nation that has insisted on the change, and the better part of the press has freely given voice to this reclamation against tyranny, inefficiency, and absurdity. Individuals, countless in number, have felt the evil as an oppression to themselves, and the nation has felt that this one reform would be the "fertile mother of a thousand more." To this seeking out, honouring, and empowering, positive, practical capacity, every other reform is subordinate, except that of the elevation of moral merit which, too, has, in some measure, its tests here, though not its highest; in other words, we can tell whether a man is orderly, punctual, active, conscientious, by his work, scarcely whether he is noble, generous, and self-sacrificing; of some, at least, of his working morals we may make pretty sure. Let us not seek for what we cannot attain; the loftiest attributes of character have other tests and other honours, and scorn alike office and salary.

"Whom these must follow, on whose head must fall  
Honours, like manna, if they come at all,"

as WORDSWORTH's says in his "Happy Warrior."

We are far from affirming that England has disregarded, or that any country could afford to disregard, practical efficiency; all the men who have really governed England have been, in some way or other, able. Designedly or incautiously, the fiercest political opponents have given praise, or let praise escape, of and to each other; our Parliamentary annals are full of acknowledgements of this kind, forced or free; it would be useless to cite, every one must remember instances; but the only real strife of the talents has been in the highest arena, where the combatants were in some measure equalized by kings' special favour, by aristocratic birth, by aristocratic patronage, by vast money power, by popular notoriety, not always of the purest. Out of these classes have come the combatants; as a general rule the strife has been confined to them, and as a general rule the ablest among them have won the day, but in nine cases out of ten the use of power has been to gain power or to keep it, and concessions have been made to win popular support, rather than from motives of patriotism; and when plebeians or men of no factitious note having been called into the fray, they have been raised or titled as good swordsmen, chiefly to make them worthy to act as seconds to patrician combatants, otherwise they might, as non-noble combatants were forced to do in the old days of trial of right by battle, have fought with oak quarter-staffs, in some vestry, or lower field all the days of their natural life. A hundred writers might be quoted who have congratulated England on the institution of an aristocracy, into which the humblest might fight or find his way; it is true, as compared with continental systems, but the scrambling has been hard where the way ought to have been more open, and accident and favour have both too often lent the helping hands which have enabled the aspirant to surmount the barrier, and the nobleman has too often had the claim of gratitude to allow the occupants of his rotten boroughs (of which there are still too many), to allow the latter to take a thoroughly independent part.

It is only in the highest department, and to a certain extent, that the rule has been, "the best men for the best places," the subordinates have been place-men strictly, and nothing more. WALPOLE would have scoffed at our demands for official capacity in the lower departments of the public service; NEWCASTLE would have been incapable of comprehending it; PITT the elder might have admitted it, and PITT the younger, in his noviciate, when an advocate of political reform, though in his full power he would have frowned at it. Even BURKE might have received it as a dangerous novelty, though, but for the opposite principle, he might himself have stood upon the summit, instead of holding a pay-master's place: and the Whigs, generally, have been as intolerant of simple personal fitness as the Tories; PALMERSTON, at first, sneered at Examinations to prove capacity for services, but it was the most foolish sneer of his political life, and public opinion has forced him to view the matter gravely. We have often spoken of these

Examinations; we have read most of the arguments against them, containing, generally, an ounce of truth to a pound of party spirit and prejudice; to the country they will be a benefit, to men of merit, whether in the army or the civil service, or destined for either, they will be, we will not say a boon, but a simple act of justice, long denied. The generalisation of the system is the most important political advance of our day.

#### CLEANLINESS AND GODLINESS.

THE truth of the proverb that cleanliness is next to godliness is daily brought home to us in a variety of familiar examples. We all know that cleanliness conduces to a healthy body, and though it does not always follow that the *corpus sanum* begets the *mentem sanam*, the one, as a general rule, cannot exist without the other. The familiar examples of which we speak are within the ken of all who reflect and think. Who has not discovered the effects of cleanliness upon the spirits? Who that is accustomed to live "cleanly and like a gentleman" does not know the exhilarating influence of a good wash after a day of travel or of toil? Who has not been inspired to high thoughts by a clean shirt? Imagine the calamity which would befall a well-regulated family if the supply of soap and water were suddenly to come to an end! The children might bear it with resignation for a day or two, but the grown-up portion of the family would be panic-struck. They could not eat their breakfast comfortably, to begin with. The lady of the house, after a brief contemplation of the situation, would probably faint, and the good man, unshaven and unwashed, would sneak into the city and spend a wretched day in trying to avoid his customers and clients. He would have felt far less uncomfortable, and in a much less degree incapacitated for his day's work, if he had simply been deprived of his breakfast. A person of cleanly habits feels something like degradation when any circumstance, either of chance or the *res augusta domi*, compels him to live in a state of filth. We cannot conceive anything more painful than the feeling of such a person when he suddenly finds himself, through some untoward circumstance, attacked by a loathsome disease or infested with vermin! The first impulse of a man in this situation is to separate himself from his fellows, and bury himself out of sight. Misfortunes of this kind have suggested suicide to highly sensitive natures. These facts being so well understood by the better classes of society, we are somewhat surprised that their influence has been so little recognised in connection with the social improvement of the poor. Philanthropists have exerted themselves in many ways to make the lower classes godly, but it has occurred to few to proceed upon the principle of first making them cleanly. The very few who have recognised this principle are well aware that nearly all the ills which the poor are heir to spring from the uncleanly and uncomfortable state of their homes. This to begin with is the chief cause of the great amount of drunkenness which prevails in this country, and which we are told by judges and social reformers, is the greatest curse of the land. It is a great mistake to suppose that the habit of frequenting the public-house is engendered by a vicious or inordinate taste for liquor. When teetotal lecturers draw vivid pictures of the drunkard's progress, and exhibit him being led on to misery and ruin by an insatiable thirst for liquor, they entirely fail to perceive the sources of the evil. In nine cases out of ten it is not drink that draws the working man to the public-house; but the dirty squalid, and uncomfortable condition of his home that drives him into the streets to seek a more pleasant resort. And where is there a more attractive place for this class than the public-house? It is a sort of palace; the bar is really a magnificent place. The decorations of a west-end club are not more glittering or more costly than the appointments of a modern gin palace. There are flashing mirrors in every panel, a tempting array of bottles, an attractive display of plate glass, plenty of company of every kind, and above all there are light and warmth. The light and warmth, and bright aspect of the place are the chief charm of the public-house; and these are the very comforts which the poor man cannot have at home. No amount of coal and candle that the working man can afford will make his dingy lodging-room look bright and pleasant. A thrifty and careful wife may do much to make the place tidy, but she can scarcely make it cheerful. Insufficiency of accommodation produces evils of another kind, which tell with equal disaster upon society. In large towns, like London, whole families sleep together, in one room; grown men and women, young boys and girls, all together, often promiscuously in the same beds. This is a fertile source of the so-called great "social evil" of the day. If any of our active philanthropists will take the trouble to enquire into the matter they will find that in almost every humble family where the children of both sexes have been in the habit of sleeping together, after the age of puberty, one, if not more, of the girls, have gone wrong, very young. Many instances might be given, where every girl in the family has turned out badly. And it is a lamentable fact, that parents of this class often regard the fall of their daughters with an indifference almost amounting to approval. The girls go on the streets, but are still received by their parents without shame and without reproach.

With regard to intemperance, it has almost become an accepted fact that it is more prevalent in England than in any other country. But we have only wanted accurate and reliable statistics to dispel this fallacy. M. JULES SIMON shows us, that in the manufacturing towns of France, that hitherto accepted model of a temperate country, the working classes who inhabit the squalid lodgings of the back slums, are as violently addicted to liquor as the most degraded of the same class in England. We can find no parallel in London to the picture drawn by M. SIMON of a Rouen wine



shop. The workmen are no sooner let loose from the factory than they rush, in a mass, to the cabaret, while a crowd of weeping wives may be seen waiting for them, for weary hours, outside the doors. The apprentices, at the early age of twelve, may be seen drinking the coarse brandy, which they very aptly call the "cruel." As a body these workmen and their families are feeble and sickly. They die at a terrible rate. "Drunkness," says M. SIMON, "is the beginning and the end of French industrial life;" and it is the offspring of squalid homes huddled together in narrow ill-drained streets. The homes of the French artisans, in all the great manufacturing towns, are even more miserable than the very worst hovels of St. Giles's. We doubt if there is anything which can compare with them for wretchedness in Manchester or Birmingham. The cellars and *courtesies* of Lille, the *forts* of Roubaix, and the convents of St. Quentin, are one and all foul, cramped, undrained holes, where men, and women, and children live, heaped pell-mell together—apart from the commonest decencies of life. In Rheims men and women lead miserable lives in houses where the roof and walls are no protection either from the wind or the rain. At Tharm there are lodgings where a father and mother, a daughter and son-in-law, with several children are packed, the entrance frequently being through a pigsty. The consequence of this is the same in France as it is here, and as it must be everywhere—the early and complete demoralisation of the children of both sexes. The girls who work in the factories are the children of a drunken father, and probably of a mother lost to the sense of shame which belongs to a woman by nature. They mix with dissolute apprentices, and their ruin is almost a matter of course. French philanthropists and social reformers, like those of our own country, have exerted themselves to cut down this evil tree, but they have struck at the branches not at the root. The mayors, like our teetotalers and Maine Liquor Law advocates, have cried out, "Shut up the wine shops." But says M. SIMON, most truly, the evil lies deeper than the art of a locksmith can reach. The root of it lies in the absence of virtuous homes,—comfortable homes—where a poor man's family can live harmoniously, cheerfully, and decently.

We would most earnestly direct the attention of those who labour with so much zeal and devotion in the cause of social improvement, to these facts. If they will enquire for themselves they will find that the testimony of M. SIMON applies to England as well as France, and that the squalid uncomfortable home is the cause of all the evils of drunkenness and immorality which our regenerators are vainly attempting to cure by means of the teetotal pledge, public libraries, drinking fountains, and religious tracts. If the improvement of the dwellings of the poor were necessarily a charitable movement, we would say to the religious community who subscribe such vast sums annually for promoting a variety of foreign missions, which yield no adequate result, give us the money which you subscribe to these objects, and we will show you some thousands of happy homes, where now there is nothing but misery, squalor, and crime. We will show you not only bodies saved from degradation and disease, but souls saved also—souls as precious, as much in need of salvation as any in the Sandwich Islands or Timbuctoo. But there is no need of charity. The wretched hovels of which we have been speaking yield a profit of ten and fifteen per cent. Are there no philanthropic speculators in this country willing to build better houses and be content with half the profit?

#### THE POST-OFFICE AND THE LABOUR MARKET.

THE overstocked condition of the labour-market is exemplified in a deplorable way by what the *Times* calls the "chronic disaffection" of the Post-office employés. The over-crowded state of the labour-market must indeed be desperate, "when," (to use the language of the *Times* on Wednesday) "we are assured by Sir Rowland Hill in the last Post-office Report, and by Mr. Tuck, at the Mansion-house, that hundreds of applicants are ready and anxious to accept on the same terms, 10s. a week, the situations of which the remonstrants [*i.e.* the dissatisfied employés] complain. "The public," continues the *Times*, "is as much entitled to the benefit of competition as any other employer of labour, and where 10s. a week is proved by experiment to be a sufficient stipend, that amount is all that need be given." With reference to the "general question of pay and work," the *Times* epitomises the established doctrine of political economy, which bears upon this point, in the following words: "it must of course be acknowledged that the same rules which apply to all other services, apply to the service of the public. The value of a thing is what it will bring. If work can be had for sixpence it is folly to offer a shilling for it, and that economical axiom retains its force in St. Martin's-le-Grand as completely as elsewhere." The word "benefit" in the above extract, we have marked with italics ourselves. Such "benefits" to one party, are nothing short of destruction to the other. The lower the wages, the higher the profit. And this is the reason why employers like an overstocked labour market (the necessary consequence of a relatively over-crowded population)—it brings down wages, and it proportionably raises profits. "The benefit of competition" in this respect is cheap labour to the employer—the result as regards the employed is starvation wages. Classes, and even individuals, generally fancy themselves the nation, just as much as Louis XIV., when he exclaimed "I am the State." Hence what the employing class calls prosperity, may be interpreted to mean utter ruin by the employed. In the present system of individual acquisition for individual emolument, in which every one from the landlord peer who lives on his rents down to the unskilled labourer, has to live by making as much out of others in his dealings with them as he can, and would cease to live at all, if he followed any other course; the inexorable "law of supply and demand," compels men in practice, whatever doctrine they may

hold in theory, to adopt "that economical axiom" which the *Times* truly tells us "retains its force in St. Martin's-le-Grand as completely as elsewhere." They may perhaps hold in theory, as some of our most advanced modern sociologists are said to hold, that the present system of society is founded upon radically wrong principles, that it amounts to a conspiracy in which "every man's hand is against every other man, and every other man's hand is against him," that it is impossible to enrich oneself without impoverishing others, that its practical operation upon each individual is just as if the whole community, save him, were combined for the express purpose of preventing his advancement in the world, that it is a general scramble in which the weakest in mind or in purse are virtually run down and devoured as the weakest of body would literally be among cannibals; that the results of this system are seen in the fact, that in this country, the wealthiest and most prosperous on earth, one human being on the average, dies of want every twenty-four hours, that the predatory class in London alone musters nearly 50,000 strong or three to every one policeman; that there is a class, which we dare not name, consisting entirely of females, variously reckoned at from the same, to double the same number; that it is computed that every morning that dawns there are to be found not far short of 200,000 persons with no means of obtaining food through the day except by some chance job or crime, that instead of the direct immediate interest of each member of the community being made antagonistic to that of every other member, by reason of each having to live by getting as much out of others as he can, society ought to be a vast system of mutual assurance, in which self interest, and the benevolent sympathies would at once find their maximum gratification in the fact that the well being of each was secured by the reciprocal co-operation of all; that individual acquisition for individual emolument should be replaced by joint aggregate production for joint aggregate benefit—by common exertion for the common good of all; that the proposed system would offer the maximum of inducement for the minimum of exertion, instead of the minimum of reward for the maximum of labour, inasmuch as there would be no idle class engrossing to itself, and excluding the rest of the world from thousands of times as much as it can consume or enjoy, while multitudes are famishing, homeless, and in rags; but the whole population, wisely regulated to be in proportion to the amount of food and work accessible for the time being, and trained under the best education and formative influences, would labour during shorter hours, at vocations divested as much as possible of whatever renders them repulsive, instead of the productive classes toiling as now from ten to sixteen hours a-day for a mere pittance of the coarsest necessities, without anything being done to mitigate the circumstances that make their work repugnant; that in short the value of work ought not to be merely "what it will fetch," but ought to be proportionate to the cost of subsistence. There may be philanthropic employers, we admit, who hold these views; but the "rigorous operation of circumstances" utterly precludes their adopting any other course in practice than paying for labour as materials, "just what it will fetch," and no more; and were they to attempt adopting any other course they would soon find themselves bankrupt and insolvent. What then is to become, it may naturally enough be asked, of the surplus labour in the market? What are we to do with the multitudes crying out for work and finding none, and slipping slowly, but surely, over the precipice, into the yawning abysses of mendicancy, prostitution, and crime? To this the responses will be various. One answer is to the effect, that there are fifteen millions of cultivable land in the country, which would give employment, and yield food, sufficient for a large proportion of our present population. We reply, the work and the food are not accessible. Will the landowners break up their parks and pleasure-grounds. Can you induce them to do this? The proverb which tells us, that while the provender is in course of production the animal is starving, is not restricted to quadrupeds. Another oracle points to the colonies, and recommends "emigration" as its panacea, but as we are increasing at the rate of near half a million yearly, it would require a deportation to that impossible extent, even to keep things no worse than they are; moreover, this would be but a temporary relief. According to the teaching of another school, this sort of misery is very good, and just what it ought to be; it will settle itself; either it will reach a state in which the advent of a bad harvest will kill off a few millions by famine, and make elbow and breathing room, as happened in Ireland, during the last dreadful scarcity, or else there will be a revolution which will, for the time being, turn everything topsy-turvy, but make everything better afterwards, just as the ground is kept in proper order by a turning up a new surface now and then; on which remedy we have nothing to remark, except, that like the last, it would only afford a temporary relief. Some of the most enlightened of the modern political economists, as Mr. John Stuart Mill, are of opinion, that an improved intellectual and moral development is gradually producing a degree of providence and forecast, which will have the effect of checking, by wise and benevolent means, the too rapid increase of population. But we must defer the discussion of this subject for the present. Suffice it to say now, that if there are 100 persons, and only accessible food and work for 50, not only will wages be reduced to the starvation minimum by competition, but a large proportion of the 100 will be without food and work altogether, and that to increase the 100 to 110 is simply to make a corresponding addition to the misery and destitution—to the mendicancy, pauperism, and crime that already exist.

#### THE HIGH PRICE OF BREAD AND MEAT.

LAST week our "record" showed that the price of meat had fallen from 2d. to 4d. per stone, while wheat had become cheaper by from 2s. to 4s. per quarter. The continued brilliant sun has certainly not tended to raise the price of either commodity. Yet by some strange process in the "esoterics" of retail dealing, the consumer has not, as far as we can learn, derived any benefit from these changes in his favour. We are aware that the price of bread and meat must be regulated by the law of supply and demand; but the mischief is that the legitimate operation of this law is counteracted by all sorts of tricky and sinister

influences. And it is precisely because the ventilation of this question by the press affords the most efficient means of causing this law to have fair play that we allude to the subject. Let every consumer institute a strict inquiry into his butcher's and his baker's price current, and insist upon knowing "the reason why" the prices in the shop do not come down with the prices in the market. We should very much like to know, for one thing, "the reason why" joints of mutton and beef are from 10d. to 11d., while in the Western districts, as Somersetshire for example, the price is only 7d. for prime ribs and surloins. Surely the charge of conveyance by rail is not so great as to make a difference of about 50 per cent. Of course if the consumer does not keep a sharp look out on these matters, the retailer will be in no hurry to contract his prices. We advise "Paterfamilias," therefore, to look after his larder and his bread-basket.

#### DR. WHEWELL'S PLATO.\*

THE popularity which appears likely to attend the reproduction of Plato's works is significant of much in the extraordinary times in which we live. There was a period when what was mistaken for Baconian Induction reigned with undisputed sway in the scientific world. Coleridge then indulged in the study of *apriori* philosophy at the peril of his literary reputation; and the various essays of Mr. De Quincey and Mr. Heraud in "Blackwood" and "Fraser," and other periodicals, advocating the cultivation of the mind in that direction, were regarded as acts of literary daring which prudent critics would have avoided. The seed, however, was thereby scattered abroad; and not all of it fell on stony ground. At that time, to name Kant or Fichte was almost unpardonable audacity—but now their authority is quoted in all high-class reviews, and savant and sophist alike familiarly appeal to it, whether in brief tractate or elaborate treatise. Orthodox writers now mention Hegel and Oken without a shudder, and their systems are invoked in support of newer theories, or developed into more satisfactory and further advanced conclusions. Nay, the embodiment of all these in formal logic is sanctioned by the universities;† and Dr. Thomson's "Outlines of Thought" is now appointed a text-book to be used in the examination of students; so that college-youths are no longer permitted to be ignorant of that which only so lately it was thought dangerous to know. Rapid indeed have been these advances, and highly creditable to the progressive aptitude of the English intellect to seize on the more subtle formulæ of metaphysical truth.

The path was thus prepared for Dr. Whewell's experiments on the dialogues of Plato, the first volume of which was published a few months ago, when a notice appeared in our columns expressive of the welcome universally accorded to it by the scholarly mind. That volume treated of Socrates, his life and death, and grouped the interesting dialogues connected with his accusation and execution in a manner calculated to interest every true thinker and lover of true thought. Socrates was, perhaps, the first who distinctly taught his fellow-men that they had souls; and that each soul was an inward and invisible kosmos, quite as real as the outward and material world;—nay, if the full truth might be spoken, more real. Socrates seems early to have broken through the tyranny of custom, and seen the untenableness of the social and conventional moralities of his time, its belief and expectations. Refusing to be bound by these, he constantly lived among those primary intuitions which, familiar in youth, usually vanish as manhood and age advance; and, perhaps, as a natural consequence, maintained a juvenile cheerfulness of disposition and gaiety of heart to the last. As a great writer says, speaking on this point, Socrates "had descended to the roots of that rich nature of which our actual men are but stunted and fractional developments; and thus were his sympathies so full and sincere. Hence, too, that unaffected solemnity which often mingled very touchingly with his most humorous moments. He could not conceal from his own Soul that he had gone deeper than Sense, and that the Voices to which he listened came from beyond the World. It was not for an Intellect so masculine to get entangled with unmanageable theories concerning the nature of the Intuitions; he simply felt their presence, and reverently bowed himself down; like Pythagoras, he said he had a heavenly Guide, and owed his safety to his *Dæmon*."

Such being the case, it is not extraordinary that Socrates should have insisted so much on the importance of self-knowledge. That is the meaning of the term wisdom. He not only insisted on this kind of knowledge as paramount, but as the root of all other knowledge. And, as to that other knowledge, he equally insisted on its being what it pretended. Particularly, he would have words rightly and conscientiously used. People, in general, are not careful to know what they mean, when they use a certain word. They take it up, and pass it from hand to hand with a loose dubious sense, until at last it comes to mean nothing, or is mistaken both in regard to its value and its meaning. The writer, whom we have already quoted, is energetic on this point.

"A WORD: observe what it is, what realities it ought to represent! First, it stands for a certain definite thing—a fact or form in nature about which there can be no dispute; and, secondly, by every one of its derivative meanings it represents some actual analogy among things, and certain equally definitive laws of the mind. To understand a word, then, implies no slight knowledge; and the use of it requires proportional care. Do men really thus comprehend the words they employ? Take up any common or

received proposition, and question a man who says he stands by it; ask if he comprehends its terms? We fear it is as certain now, as Socrates demonstrated it to be in Athens, that, no matter how momentous the proposition, no matter though some entire system of morals, politics, or theology, may hang on it—aye, that ninety-nine in a hundred, even of so-called intelligent persons, would not come clean through the scrutiny! The power to construe language is an especial distinction of humanity; and the right and conscientious use of it is the means by which alone we connect the past with the present, and discern through nature and history, those grand and serene principles of order which reveal a Supreme government; employ it otherwise, and it veils reality; it is an excuse for not looking at things, the mind becomes its instrument; truth gives way to dogma, and we are false without a blush."

The favourable reception of the former volume has induced Dr. Whewell to venture a second. The selection included in this he terms "the Antisophist Dialogues." These relate to the conflicts which Socrates promoted with the professional teachers of his day, to whom the appellation of Sophists attached. Superficial readers of history have too readily taken it for granted that these Sophists were ignorant and dishonest teachers of fallacies, whom he put signally to the rout. This is a gross mistake; they were the respectable lecturers and educators of the place and time to whom parents and guardians willingly and profitably entrusted the instruction of their children. They were not conscious of error in their teaching, and fitted the sons of reputable citizens for the offices of life which they were likely to fill. For rendering this necessary service they received fees, and earned them by the labour of mind and body which they devoted to the task. But Socrates looked at them, not with the mere eye of a man of the world, but with that of a philosopher, and penetrated the defects of their theory and practice. These defects are quite as prevalent now in the same class of persons as they were then. The war that Socrates maintained with them was directed against mere respectability in morals, science, and statesmanship, in favour of excellence and genius. He demanded from them what in no age have they been able to supply. Ordinary teachers, now as then, undertake to expound theories they have never thoroughly investigated, and prepare the young for the daily work of public life by superficial lessons. Beyond the routine of such tuition they are usually as ignorant now as they were then; and if they were subjected to Socratic exposure, would appear quite as ridiculous as their elder representatives. Perhaps in no age more than the present was such exposure needful. Men run to and fro, that knowledge may be increased; and, though in some sort, they fulfil an important mission, yet, if they are found to stand in the way of the original thinker, and make men contented with shallowness, and impatient of serious depth of thought;—surely it is time that their comparative insignificance should be demonstrated, and they should be compelled to take their true position in society that the more meritorious may assume the lead, and conduct humanity to higher achievements.

The true philosopher is necessarily thus in constant antagonism with conventional instructors and professional authorities. These regard the immediate and specific use to which their teachings may be applied. The Socratic educator will not admit this as an element at all in education. "Knowledge," says he, "attained with chief view to specific uses, never forms the man, and is not true knowledge. Truth in itself is not yet represented by conventional institutions and requirements; and the mind which seeks in the first place to subserve these, must be satisfied to miss truth." This to most, is no doubt a hard saying—certainly, to the mere respectable man who leans on those institutions for his only support. But there are few things and few persons that are proof against criticism; and Socrates was a critic.

In these dialogues, the professional teachers and rhetoricians of Athens who were called by themselves and others Sophists, or Wise Men, are occupied with Socrates in discussions, in which they are represented as refuted, perplexed, or silenced. Dr. Whewell takes pains to correct the vulgar notion that these men formed a sect or party in the State that was ultimately put down by Plato. They were, he states, in truth, most diverse in their tenets, characters, position, mode of discussion, and objects, and were, several of them, as strenuous inculcators of virtue, and as subtle reasoners as Plato himself. But the difference between them was this: while they sought only to commend themselves to their scholars by the loose and incompact phrases of a popular style, Plato was, "in search of a Theory of Ethics solidly and scientifically founded upon Ideas and Definitions, and was always ready to prove that the doctrines of his opponents were worthless, because they could not be made to supply such a theory. Protagoras, Prodicus, Hippias Gorgias, and the rest, are to him Sophists in the disparaging sense, because they cannot meet his demands for such a system—just as Jeremy Bentham might have called Butler, Price, and Clarke, sophists; or as Coleridge might have called Locke, Condillar, and D'Alembert, sophists." The last-mentioned authors have, indeed, been the greatest sufferers by the recent development of transcendental philosophy in the most authoritative quarters.

Dr. Whewell has, more or less, translated and interpreted in this volume nine of the Platonic Dialogues. These are: Protagoras, the greater and lesser Hippias, Ion, Euthydemus, Gorgias, Phædrus, Menæxenus, and Philebus. These are all charmingly executed. They read as freely as a drama or romance, and stimulate the mind with emotions the most exquisite.

Dr. Whewell is of opinion that these Dialogues were written after the death of Socrates. He conjectures that Plato then removed himself from Athens, and retired to Megara with the other disciples of Socrates. Here, he supposes, that Plato wrote the

\* The Platonic Dialogues for English Readers. By William Whewell, D.D. Vol. 2. Antisophist Dialogues. Macmillan and Co.

† An Outline of the Necessary Laws of Thought; a Treatise on Pure and applied Logic. By William Thomson, D.D. Fifth Edition. Longmans and Co.



"Crito," the "Phædo," and the "Apology"; and that here there grew up, under the influence of Eukleides, a peculiar system of philosophical opinions. From Megara, Plato went to Cyrene, the Greek colony in Africa, to the society of Theodorus the mathematician, of whom he makes mention in the *Dialogus* entitled "Theætetus." Thence he went to Italy, and conversed with the Pythagoreans, the influence of whose lore we see in the "Timæus," and in other dialogues. Thence he is said to have gone to Egypt, "to the prophets":—a strange expression, probably implying his intercourse with mystical teachers who claimed supernatural knowledge. And after these travels, he returned to Athens, and taught in the *Academia*, a pleasure ground near the city, where he had a villa; the gardens of which were the scene of his teaching, that is, of his conversations with his admirers, and, perhaps, of his readings of the *Dialogues*.

There seems to be no truth in the statement of Themistius, who wrote 700 or 800 years after the event, that the Athenians repented of having put Socrates to death, and punished his accusers. Miletus, he says, was fined, Anytus fled, and the people of Heræa in Pontus stoned him to death; and that his tomb was to be seen in the suburb of that city, not far from the sea. Of all this Plato and Xenophon appear to know nothing. In the "Meno" Plato makes Socrates express pity for Anytus, as not knowing the value of a good education; and in accordance with this, Xenophon tells us that the son of Anytus, not having been initiated in any good pursuit, took to evil courses, and that the father was in evil repute on this ground. If a visitation such as that reported by Themistius had fallen upon him, it could hardly, concludes Dr. Whewell, have passed unnoticed in the works of Plato and Xenophon.

In his academic teaching, "a main object with Plato was a continuation of the war which Socrates had carried on against the false seeming of wisdom, and against the false pretenders to wisdom. He might go on to do in writing what his master had done in oral discourse;—expose the want of a real substance of science in men of note, and exhibit to ridicule their pretensions, their shallowness, their conceit and self-complacency." Such was the noble revenge taken by Plato for the murder of his master. It only remains to be stated that both taught philosophy gratuitously. They held that it was a kind of prostitution of the mind; inasmuch as it was a giving for hire that which a right-minded person can only give through affection and esteem. But, Dr. Whewell says, this lofty notion is contrary to the practice of all times and places. We desire to suggest, however, one exception. To communicate truth without money and without price, is one mark of a Divine mission.

#### PLUTARCH\*

BIOGRAPHERS and moralists find a ready audience; for life and manners are at all times interesting. Frequently, however, they do that service for others which they need themselves. Here in a pleasant volume, handsomely printed, we have what Plutarch had to tell of Themistocles, Pericles, Alcibiades, Lysander, Pelopidas, Timoleon, Demosthenes, and Alexander; but what have we of himself? Records of him, indeed, are few and brief. That he studied philosophy under Ammonius, at Delphi, in the reign of Nero, that some of his family held high civic offices in their native city, and that he more than once visited Italy and Rome is probable; and likewise in the latter delivered lectures in his vernacular on philosophy, while Domitian was emperor, the substance of which is supposed to be embodied in his moral writings. During his residence in Italy, he states, himself, that he had been prevented from acquiring a knowledge of the Latin language through having had so many commissions to execute, and so many people coming to him to receive his instructions in philosophy; but at a late period of his life he began to read Latin authors, and otherwise indulged his taste, as he appears to have lived in honour and comfort in his native city, enjoying the dignity and emoluments of a priesthood, and holding various magisterial offices. We are also told that he had four sons and a daughter, but the time and circumstances of his death have not been registered.

Well! we must be content with this, and seek his own life in those "Parallel Lives," where he has forth-shadowed his own in six-and-forty individualities. Many of his works have been, unfortunately, lost; among them, fifteen other biographies, they say; but we have also a life of Homer, and four lives, not included in the *Parallels*, besides his "Moralia," which so delightfully blend anecdotes with ethics. It is a pity that his historical accuracy was not equal to his moral aim. Moreover, in these days, we have, as Mr. Clough remarks, learnt the value of cotemporary statements, and prefer, accordingly, Thucydide's account of Pericles, as living in his age. The want of chronology in Plutarch's work is scarcely a defect, as he writes simply to illustrate character, and to compare, on certain points, the Greek with the Roman.

That the neglect into which Plutarch has fallen of late years is undesirable we are willing to acknowledge, and ready to add that Mr. Clough's selections from his writings are judiciously made. Mr. Clough has placed the selected lives in a chronological series from Themistocles to Alexander and Demosthenes. The translations are taken from the American edition, lately published, in Boston, by Little and Brown; which was formed on the basis of

the second English translation made by various hands, but with important and numerous corrections. The editor observes that Plutarch is truer to antiquity from his point of view not being political. "If," he adds, "it were merely as an ancient writer giving the ancient Greek and Roman aspect of Greek and Roman history, he might well claim the attention of those who cannot conveniently read the whole series of original authorities. It is wonderful how different these are from any modern account of them. They have been treated as materials, and worked up into something entirely new."

The great Mosaic figures have been taken to pieces, and the bits carefully preserved, put together again upon another design. This may be saying too much. But, certainly, there is a great tradition of ancient history, which Plutarch very fairly represents, which we are in some danger of forgetting, and which it is essential to possess before proceeding to the commentary which explains, and the criticism which checks it. Criticism has, indeed, effected wonders; but no knowledge of ancient history is sound which knows more of the annotations than of the text, and which does not rest upon an acquaintance with the ancients as portrayed by themselves."

Without hesitation, we can indorse these representations, and appreciate the high merits of this issue. We trust that the editor will be sufficiently encouraged to venture upon a second volume. The present is not only distinctly printed upon good paper, but is lavishly illustrated. There are more than forty elegantly executed woodcuts, which really embellish as well as illustrate the work. It is exceedingly well fitted for a gift-book to youth, and one more welcome could scarcely be given to a son or nephew who held out promise of future excellence. Plutarch will teach him how to go through life heroically, if not happily; how to deserve if not to command success.

#### CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM.\*

MOST of us remember that when Mr. Bob Sawyer had but a small practice he induced an extension of it by the simple, but excellent expedient of doing up bottles of physic, and ordering his boy to leave them at the wrong doors; by this means making his name more fully known, and, at the same time, leading those whom he desired as patients to believe that if the boy were forgetful the master's practice was extensive. As the usual vehicles of advertising are disdained by all practitioners who are not quacks, there remains only three other methods of making oneself known; the first is suitable to a suburban neighbourhood, and consists in employing a footman or page—a maidservant is too nervous for the operation—to call "the doctor" out of church in the middle of an impressive sermon, whispering at the same time the word "consultation" most audibly; the second is expensive, but it is said to be serviceable, and is nothing less than setting up a brougham, and being driven like Jehu "furiously" along the various squares; the third is to publish a book of one's own or anyone else's writing, (a translation from the French is often preferred) treating of any particular form of disease which may be found in the thousands which grace hosology. Any of the more common forms will, of course, suit the practitioner in one way best, but he may choose one totally new, if such there be; give it a long name, and awake, and find himself famous. Almost any first-rate physician or surgeon will tell one of dozens of books which have been produced in this way. It stands to reason—so much has the medical education of the laity been neglected—that when Dr. Hammer, or Mr. Parker Pepps, M.R.C.S. have distributed a thousand books which may lie, if treating of a decent disease, on a thousand drawing-room tables, that in due time they may count upon a good per centage of patients. Readers of medical books abound in England. Almost every reasonable man, if not *un medecin malgic lui*, is, according to the adage, a physician by the time he is forty; if not we need not consult Ray's proverbs to say what he is; hence books upon this branch of science, with a taking title, command a large public. If not absolutely scientific, and it would be hyperthetical to demand a masterly treatise every time, Mr. Churchill advertises a new volume, the best next thing is to be harmless. That is a merit in itself, and Dr. Marcet's book, which now lies before us, possesses the merit in no small degree. But beyond this we can say little. Sometimes, where the mind of the author is open and manly, a reader can discover the aim of the volume on the title page, but Mr. Marcet is secretive, and it is not till we reach page 147, almost the last, a table of cases, occupying the remaining twenty-five pages, that we find from Mr. Marcet, that he "has endeavoured to bring prominently to light the most frequent form of disease produced by excessive drinking, and it will be a source of satisfaction to me should any of the foregoing observations strengthen the hands of those philanthropists who have devoted their time and exertions to the repression of excesses in alcoholic stimulants."

The first thing naturally to be considered is what is "excess?" Mr. Marcet's table does not assist us, nor do the two books the titles of which he cites and the contents of which he avails himself; Macenish's well-known "Anatomy of Drunkenness," and Roeseh's "De l'abus des boissons Spiritueuses." The synoptical table contains a ledger account of some very terrible pains and penalties with which the alcoholic exceder is sure to be debited with, "sleeplessness, giddiness, headache, flying specks before the eyes (musca volantes), noises in the ears (tinnitus aurium), hallucinations and want of co-ordinations of the voluntary motions, and a morbid condition of the

\* Greek History from Themistocles to Alexander, in a series of Lives from Plutarch. Revised and arranged by A. H. Clough, sometime Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Longmans.

\* On Chronic Alcoholic Intoxication or Alcoholic Stimulants in connexion with the Nervous System; with a Synoptical Table of Cases. By W. Marcet, M.D., F.R.S., &c. Churchill, New Burlington-street. 1860. Pp. 172.

digestive organs," all these symptoms are owing, says Dr. Marcet, to one and the same cause, viz., "the excessive," *de capo*.

Turning to the synoptical table of 48 cases treated by the author at the Westminster Hospital, and it is but due to state, cured by the exhibition of oxyde of zinc, we find that the use of the glass which both cheers and inebriates, was indeed excessive. Case 1: W. B., a carpenter, drank one pint of gin daily, and occasionally six or eight pints of beer. E. B. (case 4): Began with twelve glasses of brandy daily, and afterwards took six glasses of rum, and five or six pints of beer. This alcoholic exceder was a sailor. E. C. (case 15), a groom, took a daily allowance of half-a-pint of raw brandy, and five or six pints of stout daily; this for eight years, when he altered his allowance to eight pints of porter. Case 33, a policeman put under his belt the same quantum, viz., one gallon of beer in addition to three glasses of spirits daily; and J. L., a butcher, (case 29), with more taste at least drank a bottle of port and half-a-pint of spirits daily. Case 31, a labourer drank five quarts of beer, (a gallon and one quarter), and a pint of gin daily. W. D., without any profession, drank a daily average of a quart of beer, and a pint of gin and peppermint. We need not wonder if these gentlemen, who we may observe, as they spent on an average three shillings per day, or one guinea per week upon liquors alone, should have been gentlemen of independent means, instead of labourers, policemen, and shoemakers; we need not wonder, we say, if these were afflicted with "giddiness, transient blindness, and musco volitantes." But we do wonder at other cases, notably at one G. B., P. 28 (case 35), a stoker in the House of Commons, who was afflicted with all the symptoms, and rheumatic pains into the bargain, just for drinking "one pint of ale daily, and no spirits." The rest may certainly have become "rotten by inebriation," to quote an authority, but poor G. B. surely took no more than his profession needed, and his case was certainly not to be referred to excessive alcoholic stimulants, especially as he "became a teetotaler three years previously." Very different from him is the case immediately preceding, a cutler, who at the age of thirty-six had been intemperate for seventeen years, and drank 16 or 17 glasses of rum daily, occasionally varying the dose with brandy. No wonder that he "suffered from the same symptoms," the first time six or seven years ago, "after being garrotted!" But we must protest against Mr. Marcet classing with these patients a literary lady, "Mrs. B—, aged 24, who for the last three months had been greatly engaged in literary work, who ascribed her illness to excessive reading and exertion of the mind." Very possibly! if ladies will undergo great mental exertions, they must take the consequences; but because poor Mrs. B—, who had very likely written an abstruse article for the "Ladies' Magazine," or one of those deeply thrilling appeals we read in the "Englishwoman's Journal," it is too bad to hint at an attack of "Chronic Alcoholism" in her case.

We might put it to Dr. Marcet whether he may not have been mistaken in his habit of referring, as he says he did, the symptoms he adduces—which, as he well knows, are common to many, very many disorders simply to the effects of drink. Case 35, with others, surely must have arisen from something else. Perhaps insufficient or bad food, a poor state of the blood, bad air, and general depression may have had something to do with the illness of that wonderfully temperate stoker who consumed only one pint of ale daily, and had previously to his attack been a teetotaler for three years. He might have been stricken as he was whilst listening through a crack to a dull speech. Nay, is Dr. Marcet ready to make an affidavit that his illness was not referable to the fact of his having taken the pledge? Did he try generous diet and a glass of port wine daily before exhibiting the zinc? Seriously, we wish Dr. Marcet had done so. We are tired of books written, as Mr. Shandy hath it, entirely hobby-horsically. Drunkenness and habitual excess are very shocking vices; they not only hurt the persons who indulge, but they shock and hurt others. The best thing, perhaps, that the drunkard does is that he pays, and must pay, the duty upon his enormous consumption, and thus,—

"—Ten thousand casks,  
Touched by the Midas fingers of the State,  
Bleed gold, for ministers to sport away."

and also to provide for our governmentary wants. But to hold up one's finger, as Dr. Marcet and the teetotalers do, and to tell the moderate man that he is a great sinner and a great fool, that his blood is alcoholically poisoned, and that he is heir, in addition to other fleshly ills, to tremblings, sleepless nights, hallucinations, and musco-volitantes, and other bugbears, is simply an exaggeration, which is, of itself, one of the worst props which a good cause can have.

Mr. Marcet's book contains a few interesting items gathered from his own observation, or from the works of others; thus we find the often-repeated advice, that it is better to drink porter than strong ale, and advisable when accustomed to malt liquors, to take exercise "in order to avoid becoming fat and stupid, and predisposed to apoplexy." Wine drinkers should take those wines which are most diuretic, and which create least headache or fever, Hock, Claret, Burgundy, Bucellas, Rhenish, and Hermitage. Claret is the most wholesome of all wines; which last fact should make us rejoice if we are to be gainers by the remission of the duty. Mr. Marcet gives some sensible advice about taking the lighter wines fresh at dinner, a practice which now very generally obtains, although he seems to think otherwise. The book may also be read with amusement, if not wholly with profit.

## NEW TALES.\*

THE volume before us, entitled *The Diary of a Judge*, comprises a number of tales alleged to have been compiled from the notebook of a recently deceased French magistrate, who, for several years exercised his official functions under the victorious sceptre of the first Napoleon. Upon the restoration of the House of Bourbon, however, the old Bonapartist tendered his resignation to the new ministry, and quitted France, determining to seek in the genial society of Englishmen, a refuge from the machinations of those bitter political opponents which so unwearingly pursued him in his own country. Devonshire was the salubrious spot chosen by the self-constituted exile in which to repose after his bitter trials; and here, says the author, it was his good fortune first to make his acquaintance. The old Judge, however, speedily discovers that the prejudices of the people with whom he is about to fraternise, are by no means in favour of the cause to which he is attached, and that, in fact, a hatred of Napoleonic usurpation is one of the leading characteristics of British patriotism; he therefore determines, in order to avoid the collision of principles and opinions, which would be inevitable should he once intrude himself into society, to live in perfect seclusion, holding no intercourse whatever with the families around him. Before the death of this patriotic old man, the Bourbon dynasty had again toppled over in France, and the star of his idol, Napoleon, had once more risen brilliantly in the horizon. "Last year," says Colonel Addison, "it was my melancholy task to consign this really excellent old man to the silent tomb." To our author the deceased bequeathed his library, a ring of value, a present from the Emperor, and his papers and memoranda, to which latter the public is indebted for the exciting and entertaining narratives contained in the present volume. We can conscientiously state that Colonel Addison has made the very most of the materials placed at his disposal. The stories in this book are not only admirably constructed, but written with a power and intensity which thoroughly succeeds in absorbing and concentrating the attention of the reader. They have, moreover, the extra advantage of possessing, in a marked degree, the elements of novelty and originality, being in their general character and tendency unlike anything of the kind we remember to have read before, and if only on this account they are likely to achieve a considerable popularity.

The first upon our author's list of startling experiences, is the tale of a "Haunted House," a building which, since the death of its last inmate, has remained untenanted, on account of some ugly stories which have gained circulation in connection with it. A reward is offered by interested parties to any man bold enough to pass a night within the precincts of this anathematized dwelling, and discover the meaning of the supernatural orgies nightly supposed to take place therein. One Godfred, a soldier belonging to the Prussian corps, stimulated by the promised bounty, undertakes forthwith to accomplish the terrible feat. Accordingly, on the night appointed he proceeds to, and takes up his quarters in an apartment of, the deserted mansion, over the mantelpiece of which hangs a full-length portrait of the late proprietor. Our hero, being somewhat of a matter-of-fact personage, and entertaining a much more wholesome dread of enemies in the flesh than ditto in the spirit, double bolts the inner door, kindles a fire upon the hearth, and makes himself as comfortable as could be expected under the circumstances. After a considerable lapse of time, however, he is aroused from the indulgence of a short nap by a series of unintelligible sounds proceeding from the outer yard, and presently the door of his room is burst open, and two unseemly apparitions, one of whom bears an unmistakable resemblance to the portrait over the fire-place, make their appearance before the amazed and agast spectator. These two ghostly visitants hold a colloquy together, which throws some light upon the antecedent history and misdoings of the old gentleman over the mantelshelf. Our hero, after witnessing a scene of concentrated horror, into the details of which we have not space to enter, comes to the conclusion that a murder has been formerly committed within the four walls of the spirit-haunted mansion, which suspicion he on the ensuing morning communicates to the nearest magistrate, and, ultimately, the whole particulars connected with the deed of blood are satisfactorily brought to light. And thus our valliant and intrepid Prussian indisputably earns his *docneur*.

Upon the other tales we will offer no particular remark, merely stating that they are all worked up in the same elaborate manner, and are well calculated to repay any reader for the time expended in their perusal.

The next work upon our list is another series of tales by Lieut. Warneford, entitled "Tales of the Slave Squadron," intended to be descriptive of the various scenes and incidents which came under the author's cognisance while actively engaged on board the fleet appointed by her Majesty's government, for the suppression of the African slave trade. Our Lieutenant denies the assertion confidently made by a large number of negro friends and advocates, that the African "is intellectually upon a par with the European;" nevertheless he deprecates with a warmth which does honour to his feelings as an Englishman, and his moral perceptions as a disciple of Christianity, that awful traffic in human beings, which all the gigantic efforts of his countrymen have hitherto proved unsuccessful

\* *Diary of a Judge*. Compiled from the Note Book of a recently deceased Judge By Lieutenant-Colonel H. E. Addison. London: Ward and Lock. *Tales of the Slave Squadron*. By Lieutenant Warneford, R.N., Author of "Tales of the Coast Guard." London: Charles H. Clarke.



in putting a final seal upon. He, however, informs us that our exertions in this direction have met with greater success than is generally supposed, and himself entertains no doubt but that Great Britain will in the end reap a full reward for the active sympathy she has manifested in the glorious cause. We can only hope that this flattering prediction may be verified, and the world speedily purged of a monstrous iniquity, the continuance of which daily and hourly puts the whole of humanity to the blush.

In the meantime we can recommend these tales to the public as being of a first-class order, and containing a great deal of valuable information relative to the subject upon which they bear. All the events are brought vividly before the imagination, leaving upon the mind an impression not easily to be erased; and the language is at the same time powerful, picturesque, and concise. Among the narratives particularly worthy of attention we may mention those entitled "The Revenge," "Juan Serrano," and "The King of Dahomey."

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

SPECIAL.

HANOVER, Sept., 1860.

LITTLE as one may have expected from the efforts of the agitators for German unity, the National Association, a long as it gives signs of active existence, cannot be ignored, and, therefore, I must this week notice the grand gathering at Coburg. On the 5th inst., about 350 delegates of the branch associations held a grand meeting to consider the future measures to be adopted by the standing committee, and more particularly whether the Imperial Constitution of 1849 should form an object for agitation. I translate the term *Haupt-Versammlung* by "Grand Meeting;" but as words and terms play a very important part now-a-days, not only on the continent, but in England, I may as well remark that *Haupt-Versammlung* may be rendered "General Assembly," "Congress," or "Parliament." Indeed, some of the most enthusiastic of the Liberals go so far as to apply the term *ante-Parliament* to this meeting of the National Association, and endeavour to wheedle themselves and others into the belief that it is to form a sort of popular representative assembly for all Germany. There are, however, too many Richmonds in the field, and public attention is distracted by the numerous meetings and congresses that are announced as taking place, or about to take place in all quarters of the country. There is the congress of German lawyers, lately held at Berlin, with the aim to bring about uniformity in law proceedings, &c., all of which would naturally result if the efforts of the National Association should be successful; then there is the congress of the trade corporations, called together for the purpose of resisting the agitation for the abolition of the guilds and freedom of labour and trade; and in the course of the month the annual grand congress of the Association of Political Economists is to be held at Cologne, where all the questions which were mooted last year, and fully stated in your columns, will be again brought before the people. To the casual observer all these congresses and associations appear as proofs of great political and national activity; but a closer view, will show that the mass of the people take very little, if any, interest in the questions which are so loudly agitated by the press. The gentlemen who attend these congresses belong to the well-to-do classes who are required by fashion to make summer excursions to the Rhine, to the "Harz," to Heligoland or Norderney; and these congresses afford rather exciting and tangible objects for the holiday trips of lawyers and merchants; the money is not altogether thrown away upon mere pleasure or curiosity where there is a chance of making one's self heard, and establishing connexions. Germans very seldom leave home without letters of introduction, and no people are more resolute and patient in employing them. From what I have seen and heard, I have no great faith in the sincerity of many who attend these Congresses, though I feel confident that the leaders of the National Association, and more particularly of the Economical Association, are animated by the purest patriotism, and love of liberty. I have taken no notice in former letters of the Lawyers' Congress at Berlin, not being able to penetrate its drift. Some of the journals mention it as if its resolutions would prove a blessing to all Germany. We shall see. The public generally trouble themselves very little about it. Their passive sympathies go entirely and solely with the National Association, and the political economists. The National Association, according to the report of the Committee, numbers between five and six thousand members residing in and out of Germany, and the money subscribed amounts to about 1000*l.*, or one dollar each person. The discussions of the Association were opened by Mr. Schulze Delitsch, who is considered to be one of the most eloquent and learned orators of Germany. He reviewed the history of the States of Germany, and described the German people as the nation which above all others had exerted its powers to propagate humanising ideas, while it neglected its own interests. This is a favourite theory, not only of the Germans, but of the Italians and the French, more especially of the latter; and though the foundation of the assertion is hard to be discovered, yet it is constantly repeated, and firmly believed by the natives of each country that they are the inventive geniuses of the world. Should the Germans in future, said Mr. Schulze Delitsch, be regardless of their own interests, and form themselves into a strong and compact nation, mankind will in nowise be thereby injured, for the character of the German nationality is humane.

The subjects under discussion are the same as have been often explained in your columns—German Unity—National Parliament. The leadership of Prussia and the representation of the

German provinces of Austria in the future parliament, with the exclusion of all the rest of Austria. It has already been decided not to alter the original programme with reference to the adoption of the Imperial Constitution, *Reichsversammlung*, of 1849. I shall have perhaps more to say next week upon this meeting. Meanwhile the Hanoverian authorities have taken legal steps against Mr. Von Bennigsen, the chief leader of the agitation, for the purpose of forcing him to give evidence with regard to the acts and aims of the association. Mr. Von Bennigsen has appealed to the Supreme Court and all the country are curious to hear the decision.

It is reported that the Cabinet of Vienna has, in consequence of the motion made by Oldenburg, in the Federal Diet, as mentioned in my last, instructed the Austrian Ambassador at Copenhagen to inform the Danish Government that, though the Cabinet of Vienna does not dispute the right of the KING of DENMARK to frame and publish the budget for the Duchy of Holstein, yet it would be advisable if the Danish Government refrained from acting upon it till the consent of the Provincial Assembly shall have been obtained. The attempt to raise the taxes without the consent of the Assembly will very probably lead to disturbances.

It has been frequently asserted by the journals of this country that the English Government has been brought over to the German view of the Schleswig Holstein question since the mission of Mr. WARD to the Duchies, and the German party is consequently greatly encouraged. Strong efforts have been made to enlist the sympathies of the English on the side of the German party, and if the journals may be credited, with a certain degree of success. I must confess I see no reason for Englishmen to side with the Germans in this dispute, governed as Germany itself is at present. The Germans are constantly complaining of the tyranny exercised by the Danes over the Holsteiners, with how much justice may be seen from the following:—Denmark will next year enjoy almost perfect trade and labour in accordance with a law made by the Danish Diet about two years ago. By this law all the guilds and corporations will be abolished and every man be free to gain his bread in any honest employment without let or hindrance. The Holstein authorities formed the praiseworthy intention to extend this liberty to the Duchy, but resolved first to ascertain the sentiment of the population upon the question of the guilds, and therefore addressed an inquiry to the corporation of the town of Kiel, whether it would be practicable to abolish first the guild regulation, which prohibits journeymen of the different handicrafts, except those of the bricklayers and carpenters, from marrying. The corporation of Kiel positively declared against abolishing the disgraceful regulation, upon the plea that the married journeymen would be induced to perform work on their own account, independent of the masters, and gradually establish themselves, by which the interests of the guild masters would be considerably injured. If this decision be insisted on by the corporation, or tolerated by the people, it will tend to lessen the sympathy which the masses of Germany at present feel and express for the Holstein cause against Denmark. At all events, while such tyranny is exercised by Holstein over Holsteiners, they have little reason to charge the Danes with tyranny.

The *New Prussian Gazette* repeats the announcement, upon which doubts have been cast by different journals, that the Prince Regent of Prussia will meet the Emperor of Russia at Warsaw, in the course of this month. The Emperor has likewise invited several of the royal princes to that city. There will be a grand hunt in the country of Bialoslivia, the forests of which contain buffaloes or ure oxen. Great festivities will also take place on this occasion.

## THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE JAMES WILSON.

THE cholera has proved fatal to another distinguished Englishman. Last week we had to announce the death of Sir Henry George Ward, and this week comes the intelligence that the Right Honourable James Wilson is no more; the fatal malady we have mentioned, struck him down on the 11th August, at Calcutta, and on the following day, from climatal exigencies, the man who had been the moving spirit of the Indian Council, had not only ceased to be found among the living, but was actually mingling with his mother earth; his burial took place on the 12th. Mr. James Wilson was born at Hawick, where his father was engaged in trade, in 1805, whence he removed to London, and from the latter place to Newcastle, and subsequently returned to the metropolis, where he established the *Economist* newspaper in 1843, having previously given to the world a series of disquisitions on important questions of political economy. We may specify his "Influence of the Corn Laws," "Fluctuations of Currency, Commerce and Manufactures," in 1840, "The Revenue, or what should the Chancellor do?" in 1841. Having exhibited great theoretical abilities, and equally great practical aptitude in statistics and finance, he was returned to Parliament for Westbury, in 1847. In the House, his reputation as a sound man of business, steadily increased, and his weight in the scale of free-trade was sensibly felt in the national balance. In 1848 he was appointed by Lord John Russell to be one of the Secretaries of the Board of Control; and having on the dissolution, been again returned for Westbury, in 1852, he subsequently became Financial Secretary to the Treasury. At the general election, in 1857, Mr. Wilson became one of the representatives of Devonport. In 1859 he became President of the Board of Trade, and shortly afterwards was appointed to the office which he held at the time

of his death, namely, Financial Minister of the Council of India. In this capacity his acts are fresh in public recollection. He was the author of a comprehensive scheme of Indian finance, in which an income tax formed a conspicuous item, and the opposition to which we have had occasion to record in our narrative of current events. Mr. Wilson was more successful as a writer than as a speaker. His habits of thought, which rendered him in every way qualified for intellectual exertion and precise exposition, militated, perhaps, against mere rhetorical accomplishments. He was better versed in the figures of political arithmetic than in the figures of speech; more successful in the demonstrations of exact economical science, than as a demonstrative and flowery orator; but in the long run he produced an amount of permanent effect by his facts and figures, and the sound theories he deduced from them, than any mere showy speaker or interminable debater could even hope to produce by flowing periods and verbal graces, which, after all, are mere *vox et presereca nil*. Mr. Wilson is a striking proof that a man may be a thoroughly practical man in his scientific and theoretical views, and in respect of these may win the highest distinction though unsuccessful in the mere practical business of trade. No man's views were more sound on political economy, finance, and statistics than Mr. Wilson's; though Mr. Wilson himself had not been fortunate in his own mercantile speculations. Perhaps the mind that was capable of grasping the great commercial principles on the application of which the prosperity of a nation depends, was not adapted to the tedious complication of small details; and thus the very man who succeeded at the head of one of the great departments of the national business did not exhibit the same aptitude in a small mercantile concern. Mr. Wilson is an instance in point to show how a man may succeed when he finds a congenial sphere of action. He has died universally respected for his business capacity even by those who differed from him most in theoretical points.

#### THE MYSTERY OF MURDER.

IT is becoming a bye-word and a reproach to the efficiency of our police that the old saying that "murder will out" is being practically reversed. That a clue has come to light respecting the Stepney tragedy may be safely asserted without prejudging the case of any accused or suspected party; but it does not appear so much to have been discovered by the vigilance of our detective agents, as revealed by the course of events. Still, so far as the investigation has gone, the result is satisfactory as tending to show that modern experience, so far as this case is concerned, does not falsify the conclusions arrived at of old. But in the Road murder all is still bound in the darkest mystery. Various suggestions have from time to time been made with regard to the measures that should be taken to bring the perpetrator or perpetrators of the dreadful deed to justice. The authorities have been called upon to take what many consider not merely extraordinary, but inquisitorial and unconstitutional proceedings to probe the matter to the very core. The detectives have brought to bear on the circumstances all the acumen they have become masters of in a life-long experience in the hunting down of criminals and the dragging to light deeds that seemed, as this does, to defy every effort to clear them up. Indeed, in this respect they have been charged with officiousness and precipitancy in seeking to criminate parties, against whom there is proved to be no tangible evidence. But all this has been to no purpose. The deed, like one of those remote nebulae which resist the most powerful telescopes, remains still in inextricable and unresolvable mystery. That it will ultimately be fathomed, sooner or later, we cannot bring ourselves to doubt. On the contrary, we have every expectation, that the discovery of a clue to the mystery will come upon us as suddenly, but as surely as the light that has broken over the murder at Stepney. Indeed, we have reason to hope that, although there is no apparent stir, which indeed would be impolitic, the most active measures are still being surely and silently taken, for bringing the investigation to a satisfactory issue.

#### THE MARKSIDE PIG-IRON COMPANY (LIMITED).

We have been told how many globes of gold as big as the "great globe itself," a farthing would make in compound interest, had it been so invested for accumulation, at the commencement of our era, and some great calculator has computed how many cannon balls of iron the ore already discovered would make, and how many cities of the same size as London it would batter down on the average expenditure of shot. But fresh seams are being opened up every day; and in fact a good iron mine is, to all intents and purposes, so far as commercial profit goes, virtually a gold mine. There is the mineral property, for instance, to utilize which the enterprise which forms the subject of this article, has been undertaken. It consists of 300 acres, with three abundant seams of the best iron ore. The two smaller are about five feet in thickness, and of what is known as the clayband or argillaceous formation, and similar in composition to the first-class ores of Low Moor. The largest seam is oolitic and of a thickness ranging from 12 to 15 feet. It "crops up" at a convenient elevation, and is worked by an adit level about 50 feet above the calcining floors. The property in question is situate in the Egton Estate, near Whitby, in the valley of the Esk, and county of York, and the district is famous for the superior quality and abundance of the iron stone it produces. According to Professor Phillips, of Oxford, who among other competent authorities examined the district, the yield of ironstone per acre averages between twenty and thirty thousand tons, while the quantity is practically inexhaustible. The ore is free from phosphorus and sulphur, and it is estimated to produce thirty-five per cent. of pure metal, quite equal to the best Staffordshire iron. The great limestone formation is within an easy distance, and limestone can be delivered at the works at as low a charge as 2s. and 2s. 6d. per ton; and coal and coke at 6s. and 13s. 6d. per ton respectively.

The entire cost of raising, winning, royalty, &c., is computed at 2s. 6d. per ton of 24 cwt. of ore, so that pig iron of first-class quality can be turned out at these works at from £2 to £2 2s. per ton. Experiments we understand have been made which justify these results. The means of carriage, moreover, afford every facility for the transit of goods. The property is connected by a siding with the Whitby and Pickering Railway, affording direct communication with the Leeds, Masborough, Derbyshire, and Staffordshire iron districts. Now, it is matter of calculation that a couple of blast furnaces would turn out 15,000 tons of pig iron per year, yielding from 12 to 15 per cent. profit on a capital of £30,000, exclusive of the profit arising from the sale of ore in the raw state, which would also be considerable. It likewise appears that the whole outlay requisite for getting the project into thorough working order, including the completion of furnaces and the sinking to the lower seams or measures, will not exceed £8,000. The management, we understand, has secured the services of agents of long experience and well tried ability, and the enterprise bids fair to become a highly successful commercial undertaking.

#### THE DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK (LIMITED.)

IN connexion with this banking establishment the following statistical facts are not without interest:—

In 1856, the number of savings banks in the United Kingdom was about 600; depositors, above 1,300,000; amount deposited in 1857 (one year's deposits) above £7,000,000; while the average sum now deposited in savings banks is nearly £40,000,000. The importance of these institutions may be made more clear by comparison with other monetary companies: thus, all the banks in the United Kingdom, whether incorporated or unincorporated, joint-stock, chartered, or private, including the Bank of England, (as shown by their issues), possess only an aggregate capital of £31,000,000 sterling, being nearly £9,000,000 less than the capital now invested in savings banks. Again, there are in the United Kingdom about 300 Life, Annuity, Endowment, Reversionary, Fire, Marine, and General Accident Assurance Institutions, whose total aggregate yearly incomes from premiums, lapses of policies, interest from investments, and all other sources, do not exceed £4,500,000, or about £3,000,000 per annum less than was invested in 1857 in the savings banks, even under the very severe commercial crisis. In proof, either of their importance or their extent, nothing further need be urged; the next thing to find out is whether or not there be good grounds for believing that ample room is left for the operations of this institution? There are about forty towns, electing Members of Parliament, that are without a savings bank. There are above one thousand towns, having local commercial banks, but no savings banks. There are fourteen counties without a savings bank. There are two thousand towns without a savings bank; above three thousand places with money-order offices but no savings banks; less than one town in every six with a savings bank; fifteen millions of the population are without a savings bank; and, lastly, the total amount invested therein does not amount to £1 5s. per head upon the population of the United Kingdom. The rate of interest paid to depositors in savings banks, by the last returns, only amounted, upon an average, to £2 18s. 8d. per cent., while that paid by joint-stock banks to their depositors last year was sometimes as high as eight per cent.; and one year the Union Bank paid to its shareholders twenty-two per cent. Thus it appears that the field is so open for a sound commercial company, that, with the most ordinary prudence and enterprise, it is believed one of the largest and best monetary institutions of the time may be speedily and solidly founded.

#### ASKEW'S IMPROVEMENTS IN WINDOW SASHES.

THE danger attendant upon the usual mode of cleaning windows higher than the ground floor, and, in cases where there is an area higher than the basement, is so serious as even to have attracted the attention of the legislature. But a very ingenious invention has been recently brought to our notice, which is of a nature to obviate the risk in question. By a very simple mechanical contrivance every window sash may be made reversible and turned inside out, so as to be cleaned from the interior of the room instead of suspending the cleaner in the air, with all the peril but none of the romance of "one who gathers samphire." This is no inconsiderable advantage. But the same device is subservient to purposes of ventilation. The sash that can be reversed can be semi-reversed, that is placed in a horizontal instead of in a vertical position; so that for all practical purposes the whole area of the window, instead of only half, may be made available for the admission of fresh air. Perhaps this latter circumstance will furnish the consideration that will cause the invention to be most extensively patronised. A convenience of daily and even hourly use, is something that is continually reminding everybody of its importance, and thus, by an accumulation of small but perpetually-recurring advantages, makes a large sum total of utility in popular estimation. But the real importance of the invention in a humanitarian point of view is unquestionably the safety it affords in the operation of cleaning. And, apart from the specific benefit arising from such safety, there is the economy of labour which will be incidentally secured. Any mechanical contrivance economising labour, tends to social advantages of quite another kind than those within the mere range of its direct and obvious influence. This rendering external objects subservient to the human utilities is, at the same time, one of the chief results and one of the most potent agencies of the highest civilisation.

#### BRITISH AND IRISH MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY (LIMITED).

As a specimen of the present rapidity of telegraphing, it may be mentioned, the rate at which the Queen's Speech was sent by the Magnetic Telegraph Company, from their new Central London Station, in Threadneedle-street, to some of the principal towns. The speech contained 872 words, and was sent to Manchester in twenty minutes; Liverpool twenty-one minutes; Glasgow twenty-five minutes; and other places, including Leeds, Hull, &c., in the same proportion. The whole transmission averaging about forty words per minute. The quickest transmission was forty-three words per minute. It was also sent direct to Paris from the same station.



**THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.**—This Society has now entered on the ninth year of its operations. The receipts during that period have amounted to about £477,000, and it has purchased 45 estates in 15 counties, to the amount of £245,000, all laid out in building plots; every attention having been paid to road-making and the sanitary considerations of drainage, at a cost of upwards of £82,000, and frequently with works greatly to the improvement and ornament of the localities. The amount of land sold to the members of the society exceeds £251,167. Many villas and houses, in squares, crescents, and streets, have been erected, and sites, in many cases, been set apart for churches, of which several are completed and in progress. The society has, besides, been instrumental in conferring the electoral franchise on thousands of persons who did not previously possess votes in counties.

**RAILWAY PASSENGERS ASSURANCE COMPANY.**—The half-yearly meeting was held at their new offices, 64, Cornhill, E.C. It was stated in the directors' report, which was unanimously adopted, that the operations of this company have now acquired an extension which says much for the growth of habits of providence amongst the people. In the recent accident from the bursting of a gun at Dover, which excited such general sympathy, none of the sufferers were insured, although several of those present, who fortunately escaped uninjured, were policy holders in this company. The report observes:—"A certain degree of risk must necessarily attend the handling of fire-arms as well as heavy pieces of ordnance, and as your directors have agreed to cover this extra risk of accident to volunteers without additional charge, it can scarcely be doubted that the fact only requires to be known to induce many of that numerous body to avail themselves of the protection afforded by the company's policies of insurance against all accidents."

### SERIALS.

**Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper.** Part 33 new series. September. London and New York: Cassell and Co.—This is one of the best cheap weekly periodicals of the day. In its pages will be found a vast mass of really useful information, as well as a diversified *melange* of light reading for the leisure hour.

**Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible.** Part 16. September. Cassell and Co.—This part concludes the first Book of Kings, and contains the first portion of the second Book as far as chapter 10. The illustrations are numerous and excellent.

**Cassell's Illustrated History of England.** Part 8, new series. Cassell and Co.—This is another of Messrs. Cassell's illustrated publications. The text is by Mr. W. Howitt, whose liberal tendencies and literary ability are well known. This promises to be one of the best works of the kind ever issued.

**Cassell's Popular Natural History.** Part 18. Cassell and Co.—The present part concludes a section of the carniaria, and commences the department of the pachydermes, giving some most interesting facts regarding the elephant. The illustrations in this, as in Messrs. Cassell's other illustrated publications, deserve the highest commendation.

**The Ladies' Treasury.** No. 43. September. Cassell and Co.—This work may be regarded as a sort of repository, containing every kind of information conducive to real feminine accomplishments, and should be upon every drawing-room table.

**Routledge's Illustrated Natural History.** Part 19. September. London and New York: Routledge and Co.—The part before us, of this excellent work treats of the "fledged biped" portion of animated nature. The predacious family of the feathered tribe occupies the opening sections of the present part, in which its history is brought to a close; and to the "goat-suckers" (about which a foolish superstition prevails among the ignorant), and the swallows is devoted the remainder.

**Powell's Domestic Magazine.** No. 1. September. London: Marlborough and Co. Brighton: Embling and Beal.—This is the first number of a new serial which purports "to consist of domestic literary sketches, tales, poems, biographic, historic, and scientific papers, together with reviews of and extracts from valuable works;" and as far as the present specimen goes, acts up to its professions.

**Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.** Peoples edition, with portraits, &c. Part 9. London: Longman and Co.—The present is the last part but one of this work, which is to be completed in ten parts. It has from time to time received appropriate notice from us as the various portions have appeared.

"Jomini's Strategy" extracted from the *Precis de l'art de la Guerre*, on *nouveau tableau analytique*, and translated by Ensign Fred. Adam, of the 22nd Regiment Bombay Native Infantry, price 4s. 6d., has just been published by Messrs. Saunders, Otley, and Co. Although Jomini is acknowledged to be the standard military writer of the age, it is extraordinary that no single work of his has been yet translated. Ensign Adam's translation is a faithful and valuable reproduction of the sense and spirit of the original.

## RECORD OF THE WEEK.

### HOME AND COLONIAL.

First in importance at the present season, and under the peculiar circumstances originating in the unprecedented bad weather throughout the spring and summer, the harvest is the subject which among home news possesses the greatest interest, and must be regarded as of the highest importance. We are happy to report that last week closed with favourable intelligence from the agricultural districts. The harvest (there was scarcely room for a doubt left) will be at least equal to the average, and as the present week advanced, and the weather held fair, the prospect assumed a more and more cheering aspect. As regards the potato crop, we learn that in some localities, as in East Lothian, Scotland, the yield promises to be good, both in quantity and quality. In these parts, indeed, there seems to have been no excess of wet at all.

Sunday brought an addition to the record of criminal proceedings which knows no day of rest. George Mullins, plasterer, Barnsley-street, Bethnal-green (who had been in the occasional employ of Mrs. Mary Emsley, so mysteriously murdered at Stepney), gave information to the police that led them to take both him (Mullins) and William Thomas Emms into custody, on suspicion of having perpetrated the crime.

The man Gallagher, who while drunk murdered his wife, was hung at Liverpool on Saturday.

The progress of events in Italy, and the probable complications they may give rise to, depressed the price of stocks on the opening of the week. Gold, to the amount of £64,000, was deposited in the Bank cellars on Monday.

Another item in the list of those dubious occurrences which one does not know whether to rank as accidents or not, is furnished by the result of the inquest upon the body of Mr. Fawcett, late of the Admiralty, who either threw himself, or fell, under a train on the Great Western Railway. One of the witnesses deposed that Mr. Fawcett deliberately placed himself in the way of the train; another witness heard him just before complain of being in great trouble respecting his mother-in-law, and observed that he was labouring under great depression of spirits. The verdict was that the deceased died from the injuries he had received in being run over by a train, but there was not sufficient evidence to show what was the state of his mind.

The gold in the Bank of England was on the increase when the week opened. Consols had been at 93½. The French Rentes were "looking up."

A somewhat unusual application was made at the Westminster Police Court on Saturday—which, in default of unseasonable gooseberries as big as cocoa-nuts, abnormal pigs bringing forth litters of kittens, gigantic turnips containing small rabbit warrens, and mares' nests with half-a-dozen eggs in them, so essential to the manufacture of news at this dull period of the year—we take the trouble to record. The Rev. Francis Garden produced to Mr. Paynter a board, having pasted upon it some slips cut from *Reynold's Newspaper*, and which he had taken from the door of "James Gowan, proprietor of a medical establishment (!) in Grey-coat-place, called 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'" The extracts objected to consisted of a criticism of the past session, and perorated in this fashion:—"Its opening (i.e. the session's) was signalled by a speech from the throne, in which, amongst other cheering intelligence, the long-looked for and earnestly required boom of Parliamentary and legal reforms were solemnly promised; but thanks to the imbecility of the Government, treachery of Liberal members, and the cunning manoeuvres of malignant Tories, the Royal lips—not for the first time—were made to utter a long list of miserable falsehoods; the Queen of England, being the gilded puppet of a liberty-hating aristocracy, has been made to break faith with the toiling millions on whose enslaved industry she and her family are sustained in profusion and luxury. The liberty which she has solemnly promised to the workers and wealth-producers of the land is withheld, and instead of the franchise which the Queen said they were to have they have been battered with the foulest filth which honourables and favorites had fished out of the polluted depths of their own depravity." Mr. Cowan said he considered himself justified in exhibiting the remarks in question, and Mr. Paynter told the Rev. Mr. Garden (who is sub-dean and chaplain of St. James's Palace) that if he thought it worth while he might acquaint the Home Office with the circumstance, and so the matter dropped.

Fresh particulars of the Prince of Wales' progress in Canada arrive by every post. "Jenkinsism" is in a flourishing state of exuberance, and all that the Prince does and doesn't—what he says and what he leaves unsaid, and a great deal more, is given in all the redundant and multimodal variety of a score of different versions. He seems—as how can royalty fail in doing?—to be winning golden opinions from all sorts of people.

The result of the examination which took place before the magistrate Mr. Selfe, at the Thames Police Court on Monday was, that Emms was admitted to bail, and Mullens was remanded, for further examination.

At Queenstown, the Prince of Wales had been reviewing the volunteers and regular troops belonging to the place and to Montreal, at the close of last month.

Ireland has presented General Mac Mahon with a sword as a "tribute of affection," so the address that accompanied it states, "to the genius and bravery of the gallant warrior who has once more identified the hereditary chivalry of Erin, with the glory of Imperial France."

In the three city prisons of Whitecross-street (debtors), Newgate, and Holloway, there are respectively 202, 80, and 33, making a total of 315.

A volunteer belonging to the Royal Arsenal corps has been summoned at the Woolwich police court, and convicted in double the amount of arrears due for subscription. Not having sent in his notice of resignation he was held still to belong to the corps; otherwise the remedy against him would have been by a civil process.

The health of the metropolis is in a satisfactory state. The deaths last week were 968, the number of the previous week being 1,018. The average of the last ten years being 1,142, there is a falling off in the mortality of London to the extent of 174 on the theoretical mean number, and an actual diminution of 50 as compared with the preceding week.

Mr. James Wilson, formerly proprietor of the *Economist* newspaper, and late Minister of Finance in the Council of India, died of cholera at Calcutta on the 11th of August.

From India we learn that the new income tax has excited considerable discontent, and that what is termed an "indignation" meeting has been held on the subject at Singapore. We have also received advices from New Zealand and from China. In the former colony the British troops had met with reverses at Waitara, 29 being killed and 33 wounded. The revolted Chinese still kept possession of their conquests. The latest news from Shanghai (where trade was dull) is to the effect that the Taku forts were to be attacked on the 28th July. From Sidney we learn that there had been a crisis of the money market, attended with the usual disastrous consequences.

The Queen determined to leave Balmoral on Saturday the 15th.

instant, staying two days at Edinburgh; whence she will depart on Monday, returning via Carlisle and Oxford to Osborne.

The Reverend Mr. Price has, at last, caught his truant wife, who had betaken herself to the Agapemone, and carried her to Bridge-water.

#### FOREIGN.

Garibaldi is not the man to fail in keeping such a promise as that he had given, to be at Naples by Saturday. Accordingly that day saw the liberating general in the city, having seen the last of the last of the Bourbons. Of King Bombalino it cannot be said, as Cicero said of Cataline, "he has rushed forth, he has sallied out," &c. Such energetic expressions are inapplicable to the pusillanimous slinking away, the pitiful skulking into safe distance and retreat, the despicable evaporating into foul air, which has just taken place. If the King of Naples had not been as cruel as he was, charity might have given him the benefit of a doubt, and ascribed his withdrawal to a distaste for bloodshed, and the horrors of a hand to hand struggle in a populous town. But this favourable construction of his present conduct is precluded by his former acts. The antecedents of this truly royal personage shut out all such good natured conclusions. Several brigades of the Neapolitan army had gone over to Garibaldi. The King's intention of sending his fleet to Trieste, and placing it at the disposal of Austria was baffled by the opposition of the very men who officered and manned it, as well as that of his own ministers. In the Roman States, we learned as last week closed and the present opened, that various localities had revolted, and at Pesaro the Pope's troops had met with reverses. Victor Emmanuel had been proclaimed at Urbino, and had received invitations of protection from the Marches which had been entered by the Tuscan Volunteers, while powerful forces were on the move from Turin towards the South. We have throughout, and long before such an event was generally anticipated, sought to familiarise the public with that view of the question, in which the "flight" of the King of Naples was to be regarded as merely a question of time. Another point we have urged, and again recur to, is that every great power in the world that is really favourable to the liberal cause, should unite in insisting that all States whatsoever abstain from interfering to oppose the liberal movement now so gloriously progressing in Italy.

The first acts of Garibaldi after entering Naples, which by the way, he did alone, merely being attended by his staff, and the population greeting him with the most confirmed enthusiasm, consisted in making arrangements for the maintenance of order; he appointed Cosenz minister of war, and Pisanelli, minister of justice, retaining Romano as minister of the interior, placing the police under the direction of Arditì, and giving the command of the fleet to Admiral Persano. He then discovered and suppressed what is described as "a National Committee illegally constituted," though the fact is, that the ordinary forms of law must necessarily be suspended under the circumstances. Having provided for the safety and tranquillity of the place, the General proceeded to proclaim Victor Emmanuel King of Italy, the capitulation of the forts being left a mere question of time. Meanwhile the King "kept moving" towards Spain.

With regard to the Roman States there appeared good reason to believe that France had been guilty of the gross inconsistency of setting her veto on any "intervention" in favour of liberty on the part of Sardinia. France, who had been doing nothing but "interfere" in the cause of despotism in Rome for years past. Lamoriciere, not even a "legitimate," however wrongful an agent, like the imperial forces, but a mere adventurer, was to be at liberty to "interfere" to the extent of sacking and burning all the towns that asserted their freedom, and to put their inhabitants to the sword, and Victor Emmanuel was forbidden to interpose the shield of protection. Lamoriciere might "interfere" to destroy, but the King of Sardinia must not "interfere" to save. Such is the logic of imperial diplomacy.

Pending these Italian "difficulties," news reached us that the Emperors of Austria and Russia could no longer resist the gravitating force of sympathy, and finding "estrangement no longer tolerable," were to be sworn friends again. "Behold it is good for brothers to dwell together in unity." If the converse of the proverb that "when a certain class of agents fall out, honest folks may come by their own,"—be true, "honest folks" had better look out just now. We ventured to suggest that the "official denial" by Austria of the soft impeachment that she had been trying, to concoct a coalition against France, would be appreciated at its true value, and this subsequent intelligence is very significant.

The Austrian Government has "officially" denied that it has been endeavouring to get up a coalition against France, and we have no doubt this "official" denial will not be "unappreciated" in the proper quarters.

Intelligence purporting to be of an official character informs us that Austria will abstain from interference on behalf of the system that is fast passing away in Italy, provided her own territories are not specifically attacked; preparations of a military nature, and on a large scale, but said to be entirely of a defensive character, are being energetically prosecuted. It has been said that Sardinia with the concurrence of France, has demanded that the foreign mercenaries on the Roman States, be disbanded; and that in case of refusal a Sardinian army will at once be put in motion to enforce compliance. The ambassadors of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, followed in the king's footsteps to Gaeta; but the French minister at Naples, Baron Brenner, has been recalled, which seems to indicate a divergence of policy between the first three states on the one hand and the last mentioned on the other. It seems that the "vanished" king was advised from Vienna to seek an asylum in one of the German courts. We have since heard that the appeal for protection of Umbria and the Marches to Victor Emmanuel has received a noble and energetic response, in the advent to these districts in fear of devastation with fire and sword, massacre, plunder, rape, and all the abominations perpetrated by a lawless banditti, hounded on by the fiercest stimuli of superstition,—of 25,000 Sardinian troops, to be followed by 25,000 more. The lions are there, and the wolves see their prey protected from their fangs. Lamoriciere and his army were at Ancona, when the last advice arrived.

The liberation of a larger portion of Europe than Italy, where the movement has now commenced under such favourable auspices, seems no longer a question of time. In Hungary, Croatia, and Dalmatia, aspirations of freedom are being manifested. The state of the Austrian Exchequer is well known, and latent disaffection pervades even her German provinces.

Switzerland wants the passes of the Simplon fortified, and that a strip of territory about half a dozen miles in width be interposed between the French position and the waters of Geneva, by way of keeping France at arms length; but this France is too affectionate to assent to, and is resolved upon a *tele-a-tele* with Switzerland, who is appealing to Europe for a separation.

Some very important utterances have come from two potentates, who at the present time sustain perhaps the most active of the leading parts in the great European drama which is rapidly approaching its catastrophe. The French Emperor has delivered himself at Marseilles of an address, which may be described as the newest variation on the theme that "the Empire is Peace." And side by side with this "exposition" of Imperial views we have the address of Victor Emmanuel, of Sardinia, to his army, on the eve of departure upon its "liberating" expedition, in which he repudiates all ambitious designs save those of establishing moral order in Italy, and preserving Europe from the continual dangers of revolution and war, and takes the opportunity of launching some terrible—because so truthful and so applicable—sarcasms at the mild régime of St. Peter's representative.

It appears to be settled that the Russian serfs, to the number of 15,000,000, are to be enfranchised before next Christmas.

The address of the King of Sardinia to his troops prior to their entry in the Marches is of such importance that we give it in extenso. It is as follows:—

"Soldiers! You are about to enter the Marches and Umbria, in order to establish civil order in the towns now desolated by misrule, and to give to the people the liberty of expressing their own wishes. You will not fight against the armies of any of the Powers, but will free those unhappy Italian provinces from the bands of foreign adventurers which infect them. You do not go to revenge injuries done to me and to Italy, but to prevent the popular hatred from unloosing itself against the oppressors of the country.

"By your example you will teach the people forgiveness of offences, and Christian tolerance to the man who compared the love of the Italian Fatherland to Islamism.

"At peace with all the great Powers, and holding myself aloof from any provocation, I intend to rid Central Italy of one continual cause of trouble and discord. I intend to respect the seat of the Chief of the Church, to whom I am ever ready to give, in accordance with the allied and friendly Powers, all the guarantees of independence and security which his misguided advisers have in vain hoped to obtain for him from the fanaticism of the wicked sect which conspires against my authority and against the liberty of the nation.

"Soldiers! I am accused of ambition. Yes; I have one ambition, and it is to re-establish the principles of moral order in Italy, and to preserve Europe from the continual dangers of revolution and war."

#### ENTERTAINMENTS.

**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.**—The establishment of a great national English opera, which but a few years ago was regarded as extremely contingent, if not impossible, is now a *fait accompli*. The fifth season of the Royal English Opera, at Covent Garden, opens on Monday the first day of next month, and justice requires that we should specialise the fact that to the "Pyne and Harrison Company" is due the credit of having inaugurated, and successfully continued an enterprise beset with difficulties, and of the permanent establishment of which, as an important branch of art, the nation may with reason be proud. The preparations for the coming season are most efficient. To begin with the leading vocal artists:—A new English prima donna will be forthcoming, whose voice we understand possesses great inherent richness, power, and freshness of tone, and has been trained to the highest state of executive proficiency during a seven years Italian schooling. We believe also that prominent among the artists engaged will be found some new baritones of high abilities. The chorus will be on a scale of magnitude, and will be characterised by a degree of finished training not to be surpassed in Europe. Of the band, substantially that of the Italian Opera, and the "Floral Hall concerts," nothing need be said; its reputation as the first in the world has been long firmly established. Thus far the "expositive" department, which will, we believe this season, be engaged in the "interpretation" of new operas by native composers, in every respect worthy of its "rendering."

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—We believe that Mr. Gye, with provident forecast, is exploring the musical preserves of the Continent, with the view of retaining some first-class vocal artists for next season. A prima donna of the highest qualifications will, we have reason to expect from Mr. Gye's well-known tact, experience, and enterprise, be found among his principal acquisitions.

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—The sole leaseholdship of Mr. Phelps has commenced at this theatre, which opened for the season on Saturday with Shakspeare's "As You Like It," so much in request as a first night piece; for instance, we remember its being the opening play during the Macready dynasty at Drury-lane, when "the great tragedian" himself was "the melancholy Jacques," Mr. Anderson the Orlando, and Mr. Phelps the Adam of the evening; poor Lady Boothby (Mrs. Nisbet), with her merry ringing laugh, now silent for ever, sustaining her own part of Rosalind; and Mrs. Stirling that of Celia; Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Mr. Compton, and Mr. Hudson appearing respectively as Touchstone, Audrey, William, and Le Beau. On Monday the cast was as follows:—Jacques, Mr. Phelps; Orlando, Mr. Hermann Vezin (first appearance); Touchstone, Mr. L. Ball; Adam, Mr. Young; Duke, Mr. Raynor; Rosalind, Mrs. Charles Young; Audrey, Miss Kate Saxon; Celia, Miss F. Josephs (first appearance). The after-piece given was "The Welsh Girl." The acting throughout the evening was excellent, but the well-known powers of most of the principal performers renders



it a work of supererogation to descend to details. The new actor, Mr. Verin, shows that he is possessed of considerable intelligence and delineative power in the higher sphere of the legitimate drama. The theatre has undergone a thorough re-habilitation, and presents an aspect of comfortable elegance; it was crowded in every part. The scenery is particularly good. Mr. Phelps was welcomed with a most cordial greeting, and enthusiastically called before the curtain.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—Miss Florence Haydon made her first appearance at this house on Thursday, in "Naval Engagements," but want of space precludes us from doing more this week than noticing the act.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—The season which Mr. A. Harris inaugurated and continued with such spirit and success at this house, came to a close on Saturday, when Mr. Anderson's benefit took place, that popular actor and Miss Elsworthy appearing in "Macbeth," which was placed on the stage with all those accessories of scenery and properties for which the Princess's Theatre has become so distinguished. Succeeding immediately to the Kean dynasty, Mr. A. Harris necessarily had the alternative of sustaining the brilliant prestige that had been won by the application of no ordinary talent, enterprise, and judgment, or suffer all the humiliation which attaches to a practical anticlimax. "How not to do it" was easy enough to be shown; "how to do it" successfully, required tact, energy, and no inconsiderable outlay of capital. Mr. A. Harris determined to elect the latter alternative—he has done it, and has done it well. Mr. Phelps, the Zouaves, Mr. Anderson, Miss Elsworthy, not forgetting Miss Marie Harris, who made her debut as recorded at the time in these columns, are names which will be associated with some of the most conspicuous theatrical successes of the past summer. M. Fechter, the celebrated French actor, whose appearance in the "Corsican Brothers," "The Bachelor of Arta," "Pauline," and other favourite pieces before Parisian audiences was marked with such signal success, has been engaged for the Princess's, and when the house opens in October, will appear for the first time before the English public, and sustain the principal part in the drama of "Ruy Blas."

**OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—Mr. Horace Wigan's new farce of "As Savage as a Bear," is to be produced at this house on Monday, with a first-rate cast and under circumstances of a highly attractive character.

**STRAND THEATRE.**—This house, which during the past short "vacation" has undergone a thorough "renovation" in a style which displays great elegance and taste, was re-opened on Monday with a new comediotta from the facile and practised pen of Mr. Charles Selby, who being a successful and experienced actor, as well as a versatile and prolific author, takes proper care that his pieces are not merely good in conception, but efficiently workable in all that relates to stage business. This, the last of his productions, is entitled, "The Pet Lamb," and introduces the celebrated painter *Tintoretto* (Mr. Parselle), who is represented as in love with *Isadora Valone* (Miss E. Buffon), who is upon the point of marriage with a bragging bully, one *Anibale Braganza* (Mr. H. J. Turner). The "Pet Lamb," one *Ignatius Innocent*, is a novice "at the convent hard by" (and is personated by Miss Charlotte Saunders), and having been commissioned by the abbot to engage *Tintoretto* to paint a sacred picture for the establishment, is subsequently commissioned by the painter to effect what we fear a modern English police magistrate would consider the abduction of *Isadora*, and to bring her to his studio. The "Lamb," however, falls in love with the young lady himself, declares his passion, proposes marriage, is accepted, cuts the novice, quits the convent, bullies the bully, tricks the tricky painter, enters the army, and is a married man and a soldier all in a jiffy. The piece was well performed, the costumes are good, and the whole *mise en scene* (all details inclusive) is excellent. The other pieces given were Mr. Horace Wigan's comediotta, "Observation and Flirtation," which was produced on these boards a short time since; Mr. Byron's burlesque of "Fra Diavolo," and the "Race for a Widow." The house was well filled by a highly gratified and applauding audience.

**NEW ADELPHI THEATRE.**—On Monday a new drama, in three acts, by Mr. Dion Boucicault, was brought out at this house, and formed an appropriate medium for introducing the author and Miss Agnes Robertson (now Mrs. D. Boucicault) to a London audience for the first time since their seven years absence in the United States; and the present piece is worthy of the author of the highly-successful productions of "The Corsican Brothers," "Louis XI.," "Faust and Marguerite," "Janet Pride," "London Assurance," and "The Willow Copse." It is entitled "The Colleen Bawn," and purports to be founded on "The Collegians," an Irish story of Gerald Griffin's; but is quite as original as many a drama purporting to be an entirely new conception. The plot is the opposite of "slender," but it is abundantly lucid and intelligible. Mrs. Cregan (Mrs. Billington) is a widow, whose family estates are mortgaged to the hilt, and to stave off ruin she persuades her son, *Hardress* (Mr. Billington) to marry Miss *Chute*, the "Colleen Bawn," a rich heiress, personated by Miss Woolgar (Mrs. A. Mellon), he being secretly married to a poor peasant girl *Eily O'Connor*, the "Colleen Bawn," represented by Mrs. D. Boucicault (Miss Agnes Robertson), whom he visits nightly, crossing Lake Killarney in a boat, his foster-brother, one *Danny Man* (Mr. E. Falconer), being the ferryman. His friend, *Kyrie Daly* (Mr. D. Fisher), is in love with, and preferred by Miss Chute; and *Danny Man*, who entertains a sort of superstitious devotion for the house of Cregan, in order to save its fortunes by bringing about the marriage between *Hardress* and the heiress, persuades the latter that it is *Daly* who crosses the lake to see a mistress whom he has concealed in a cottage on the opposite shore, and afterwards proposes, first to *Hardress*, who will not hear of it, and afterwards to his mother, who approves of it, to get the "Colleen Bawn" out of the way, so as to leave no impediment to the match. Whatever may be Mrs. Cregan's meaning, *Danny Man*'s construction of the terms amounts to nothing less than murder, and he attempts to drown the "Colleen Bawn" in a water-cave known as "The O'Donohue's Stables." But a very important personage in the drama, *Myler-na-Coppaleen* (Mr. Boucicault), a re-

jected suitor of the "Bawn's," whom unrequited love has driven to drinking, smuggling, and poaching, and who conceals his whiskey in this cave, takes *Danny* for an otter, in the dark, and shoots him just as he has thrown the girl into the water, and afterwards, on discovering what has taken place, dives after and rescues her. *Danny*, however, is carried on shore by the current, and makes a confession, which causes *Hardress Cregan* to be arrested while his marriage with Miss Chute is actually taking place. Upon this his mother, to save her son, discloses her share in the "making away" business, and is herself saved by the advent of the "Colleen Bawn," alive and in good spirits, much to the satisfaction of *Kyrie Daly* and Miss Chute, who agree to join hands on the spot. There are a great many more characters in the piece, and they were all excellently represented. A new "personation piece," called "She would be an Actress," followed, in which Miss Agnes Robertson (Mrs. D. Boucicault) sustained a variety of characters with considerable versatility. The entertainment of the evening concluded with Mr. D. Fisher's comediotta of "Music hath charms," in which the author appeared as *Mrs. Poppleton Pertinax*. The scenery and stage effects in the "Colleen Bawn" are particularly deserving of commendatory notice, and reflect great credit on Messrs. Pitt, Thompson, Ireland, and Powell. The "diving and rescue" business is managed to perfection by Mr. D. Boucicault, whose gradual rising to the surface is reality itself. Nor ought we to omit the costumer's department, under Miss Rayner and Mr. Taylor. The music of the piece, including an appropriate overture, both in composition, arrangement and performance, is creditable alike to Mr. T. Baker (the author), and to Mr. C. Hall, the musical director of the theatre. The principle performers were called before the curtain after the second and third acts, and Miss Woolgar was called for nomination after the latter.

**SURREY THEATRE.**—The autumn "campaign" at this house, under the joint and able generalship of Messrs. Shepherd and Crawick, opens on Saturday, the 15th instant, under the most favourable conditions of success. Two new dramas, entitled "Ralph Gaston, or the Three Lives," and "The Veteran and his Son," will be produced on the occasion, supported by a powerful company.

**THE "FESTIVALS."**—THE "THREE CROTES."—The "magnitudinous voluminousness" of the reports of these proceedings, and the fact that they have been made the most of, prospectively and historically, by every daily, not to say weekly paper for weeks past, the season when the fruits of the earth are gathered in, being generally a season of dearth in regard to news, and are thus familiar to everybody, confines our notice this week to the statement that everything has been going off in the most satisfactory manner.

**MR. MELLON'S CONCERTS.**—There is reason to infer that Mr. Mellon's concerts, so successfully initiated at Floral Hall, will become a permanent "institution" in the musical arrangements of the metropolis. The following announcement was issued on the concluding night of the season, on which the concert-giver's benefit took place:—"Mr. Alfred Mellon avails himself of the opportunity which this occasion affords of expressing to his patrons, friends, and the public his sincere thanks for the kind and generous patronage with which he has been honoured in this his first undertaking in London. The support he has received from all classes will be an incentive to increased exertions on his part to render his concerts worthy a continuance of their appreciation. In respectfully bidding the public farewell, Mr. Alfred Mellon trusts he will have the happiness of meeting them again next year."

**MADAM TUSSAUX.**—In addition to a figure of the murderer Youngman, a very curious relic of the early days of the French revolution has recently been placed in the museum of Baker-street gallery. It is the key of the celebrated Bastille, of which not a vestige now remains of the original building, but with the history of which everybody is conversant. This key is known to be genuine. It was taken from the governor by the insurrectionists almost at the moment of his death, and has been preserved with the greatest care by the late possessor. It is not one of the least of the historic gems of this collection. A figure of Henry II. has also been just added to the series of monarchs of the Norman line, modelled with great care from monumental effigies and missal portraits, and painted glass of the original. The features are handsome, and not without dignity, but are neither so intellectual nor so characteristic of ability as the features of several of his race. The gallery is now in very splendid order.

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